

# The Roaring Girle.

## OR Moll Cut-Purse.

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by  
the Prince his Players.

Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar.

My case is alter'd, I must worke for my living.



For  
This single Play  
I gave  
Three Pounds,  
and  
Nine Shillings,  
at  
J<sup>r</sup>. Wright's sale.  
Wed<sup>d</sup>. May 2. 1707.

Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his  
shop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall  
Exchange. 1611.

First Edition.





To the Comicke, Play-readers, Vener y,  
and Laughter.



THE fashion of play-making, I can properly compare to nothing, so naturally, as the alteration in apparell: For in the time of the Great-crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plaies, quilted with mighty words to leane purpose was onely then in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inuentions beganne to set vp. Now in the time of sprucenes, our plaies followe the nicenes of our Garments, single plots, quaint conceits, lecherous iests, drest vp in hanging sleeues, and those are fit for the Times, and the Tearmers: Such a kind of light-colour Summer stufte, mingled with diuerse colours, you shall finde this published Comedy, good to keepe you in an afternoone from dice, at home in your chambers; and for vener y you shall finde enough, for sixepence, but well coucht and you marke it. For *Venus* being a woman passes through the play in doublet and breeches, a braue disguise and a safe one, if the Statute vnty not her cod-peece point. The book I make no question, but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person it selfe, and may bee allowed both Gallery roome at the play-house, and chamber-roome at your lodging: worse things I must needs confesse the world

--- --  
ha's taxt her for, then has beene written of her; but 'tis  
the excellency of a Writer, to leaue things better then  
he finds 'em; though some obascoene fellow (that cares not  
what he writes against others, yet keepes a mysticall bau-  
dy-house himselfe, and entertaines drunkards, to make  
vse of their pockets, and vent his priuate bottle-ale at  
mid-night) though such a one would haue ript vp the  
most nasty vice, that euer hell belcht forth, and presented  
it to a modest Assembly; yet we rather wish in such  
discoueries, where reputation lies bleeding, a  
slackenesse of truth, then fulnesse  
of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Pro-

## Prologus.

**A** Play (expected long) makes the Audience looke  
For wonders:--- that each Scæne should be a booke,  
Compos'd to all perfection; each one comes  
And brings a play in's head with him: up he summes,  
What he would of a Roaring Girle haue writ;  
If that he findes not here, he mowes at it.  
Onely we intreate you thinke our Scæne,  
Cannot speake high (the subiect being but meane)  
A Roaring Girle (whose notes till now neuer were)  
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,  
That's all which I dare promise: Tragick passion,  
And such graue stuffe, is this day out of fashion.  
I see attention sets wide ope her gates  
Of hearing, and with couetous listning waites,  
To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle should be.  
(For of that Tribe are many.) One is shee  
That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,  
That beates the watch, and Constables controuls;  
Another roares i'th day time, sweares, stabbes, giues braues,  
Yet sells her soule to the lust of fooles and slaues.  
Both these are Suburbe-roarers. Then there's (besides)  
A ciuill Citty Roaring Girle, whose pride,  
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husbands state,  
And leaues him Roaring through an yron grate.  
None of these Roaring Girles is ours: shee flies  
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lyes,  
Yet what neede characters? when to giue a gesse,  
Is better then the person to expresse;  
But would you know who 'tis? would you heare her name?  
Shee is cal'd madde Moll; her life, our acts proclaime.

Dramatis



## Dramatis Personæ.

*Sir Alexander Wentgrane, and Neat-foot his man.*

*Sir Adam Appleton.*

*Sir Dauid Dapper.*

*Sir Benteous Ganymed.*

*Lord Noland.*

*Yong Wentgrane.*

*Iacke Dapper, and Gull his page.*

*Goshawke.*

*Greenewit.*

*Laxton.*

*Tilt-yard.*

*Openworke.*

*Gallipot.*

} *Ciues & Vxores.*

*Mol the Roaring Girle.*

*Trapdoore.*

*Sir Guy Fitz-allard.*

*Mary Fitz-allard his daughter.*

*Curtislar a Sergiant, and*

*Hanger his Yeoman.*

*Ministri.*

THE



# The Roaring Girle.

Act.I. Scœ.1.

*Enter Mary Fitz-Allard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.*

*Neatfoote.*



He yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir *Alexanders* sonne, is it into his eares (sweet Damsell) (emblem of fragility) you desire to haue a message transported, or to be transcendent.

*Mary* A priuate word or two Sir, nothing else.

*Neat.* You shall fructifie in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is erected, (that is to say vp) and deliuer him to this your most white hand.

*Mary* Thankes sir.

*Neat.* And withall certifie him, that I haue culled out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastitie.

*Mary* One Sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.

B

*Neat.*

**A THE ROARING GIRLE.**

*Neat.* Falling bands, it shall so be giuen him, — — if you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curle-pated company of rude seruingmen, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously, and ingeniously welcome.

*Mary.* I haue dyed indeed already sir.

*Neat.* — — Or will you vouchsafe to kisse the lip of a cup of rich *Orleans* in the buttry amongst our waiting women.

*Mary.* Not now in truth sir.

*Neat.* Our yong Maister shall then haue a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be giuen him. *Exit Neatfoote,*

*Mary.* I humbly thanke you sir, but that my bosome  
Is full of bitter sorrowes, I could smile,  
To see this formall Ape play Antick tricks:  
But in my breast a poysoned arrow stickes,  
And smiles cannot become me, Loue wouen sleightly  
(Such as thy false heart makes) weares out as lightly,  
But loue being truly bred ith the soule (like mine)  
Bleeds euen to death, at the least wound it takes,  
The more we quench this, the lesse it flakes: Oh me!

*Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.*

*Seb.* A Sempster speake with me, saist thou.

*Neat.* Yes sir, she's there, *vina voce*, to deliuer her auricular confession.

*Seb.* With me sweet heart. What ist?

*Mary.* I haue brought home your bands sir.

*Seb.* Bands: *Neatfoote.*

*Neat.* Sir.

*Seb.* Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are vpon rising.

*Neat.* Yes sir, a most methodicall attendance shall be giuen.

*Seb.* And dost heare, if my father call for me, say I am busy with a Sempster.

*Neat.* Yes sir, hee shall know it that you are busied with a needle woman.

*Seb.* In's care good *Neat-foote,*

*Neat.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Neat.* It shall be so giuen him.

*Exit Neat-foote.*

*Seb.* Bands, y'are mistaken sweete heart, I bespake none,  
when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

*Mary* Yes sir, a bond fast sealed, with solemne oathes,  
Subscribed vnto (as I thought) with your soule:  
Deliuered as your deed in sight of heauen,  
Is this bond canceled, haue you forgot me.

*Seb.* Ha! life of my life: Sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter,  
What has transform'd my loue to this strange shape?  
Stay: make all sure, — so: now speake and be brieft,  
Because the wolfe's at dore that lyes in waite,  
To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes  
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise  
Holds me with feare and wonder.

*Mary* Mines a loathed sight,  
Why from it are you banisht else so long.

*Seb.* I must cut short my speech, in broken language,  
Thus much sweete *Moll*, I must thy company shun,  
I court another *Moll*, my thoughts must run,  
As a horse runs, thats blind, round in a Mill,  
Out euery step, yet keeping one path still.

*Mary* Vmh: must you shun my company, in one knot  
Haue both our hands by't n hands of heauen bene tyed,  
Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride:  
Our fathers did agree on the time when,  
And must another bed-fellow fill my roome.

*Seb.* Sweete maid, lets loose no time, tis in heauens booke  
Set downe, that I must haue thee: an oath we tooke,  
To keep our vowes, but when the knight your father  
Was from mine parted, stormes began to fit  
Vpon my couetous fathers brow: which fell  
From them on me, he reckond vp what gold  
This marriage would draw from him, at which he swore,  
To loose so much bloud, could not grieue him more.  
He then diswades me from thee, cal'd thee not faire,  
And askt what is shee, but a beggars heire?  
He scorn'd thy dowry of (5000) Markes.

## The Roaring Girle.

If such a summe of mony could be found,  
And I would match with that, hee'd not vndoe it,  
Prouided his bags might adde nothing to it,  
But vow'd, if I tooke thee, nay more, did sweare it,  
Saue birth from him I nothing should inherit.

*Mary* What followes then, my ship-wracke.

*Seb.* Dearest no:

Tho wildly in a laborinth I go,  
My end is to meete thee: with a side winde  
Must I now saile, else I no hauen can finde  
But both must sinke for euer. There's a wench  
Cal'd *Mol*, mad *Mol*, or merry *Moll*, a creature  
So strange in quality, a whole citty takes  
Note of her name and person, all that affection  
I owe to thee, on her in counterfet passion,  
I spend to mad my father: he beleeuues  
I doate vpon this *Roaring Girle*, and grieues  
As it becomes a father for a sonne,  
That could be so bewitcht: yet ile go on  
This croked way, sigh still for her, faine dreames,  
In which ile talke onely of her, these streames  
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent  
That heere I anchor rather then be rent  
Vpon a rocke so dangerous, Art thou pleas'd,  
Because thou seest we are way-laid, that I take  
A path thats safe, tho it be farre about,

*Mary* My prayers with heauen guide thee,

*Seb.* Then I will on,

My father is at hand, kisse and begon;  
Howres shall be watcht for meetings; I must now  
As men for feare, to a strange Idoll bow.

*Mary* Farewell.

*Seb.* Ile guide thee forth, when next we meete,  
A story of *Moll* shall make our mirth more sweet. *Exeunt*

*Enter* Sir Alexander Wengraue, Sir Dauid Dapper, Sir Adam  
Appleton, Goshake, Laxton, and Gentlemen.

*Omnēs* Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our bounteous cheere:

*Alex.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Alex.* Fy, fy, in giuing thanks you pay to deare.

*S. Dap.* When bounty spreades the table, faith t'were finne,  
(at going of ) if thanks should not step in.

*Alex.* No more of thanks, no more, I mary Sir,  
Th'inner roome was too close, how do you like  
This Parlour Gentlemen?

*Omnes* Oh passing well.

*Adam* What a sweet breath the aire casts heere, so coole,

*Gosb.* I like the prospect best.

*Lax.* See how tis furnisht.

*S. Dap.* A very faire sweete roome.

*Alex.* Sir *Dany Dapper*,

The furniture that doth adorne this roome,  
Cost many a faire gray groat ere it came here,  
But good things are most cheape, when th'are most deere,  
Nay when you looke into my galleries,  
How brauely they are trim'd vp, you all shall sweare  
Yare highly pleas'd to see whats set downe there:  
Stories of men and women (mixt together  
Faire ones with foule, like sun-shine in wet wether)  
Within one square a thousand heads are laid  
So close, that all of heads, the roome seemes made,  
As many faces there (fil'd with blith lookes)  
Shew like the promising titles of new bookes,  
(Writ merily) the Readers being their owne eyes,  
Which seeme to moue and to giue plaudities,  
And here and there (whilst with obsequious eares,  
Throng'd heapes do listen) a cut purse thrusts and leeres  
With haukes eyes for his prey: I need not shew him,  
By a hanging villanous looke, your selues may know him,  
The face is drawne so rarely, Then sit below,  
The very flowre (as twere) waues to and fro,  
And like a floating Iland, seemes to moue,  
Vpon a sea bound in with shores about,

*Enter Sebastian and*

*Omnes.* These sights are excellent.

*M. Greene-wit.*

*Alex.* I'll shew you all,  
Since we are met, make our parting Comicall.

### THE ROARING GIRLE.

*Seb.* This gentleman (my friend) will take his leaue Sir.

*Alex.* Ha, take his leaue (*Sebastian*) who?

*Seb.* This gentleman.

*Alex.* Your loue fir, has already giuen me some time,  
And if you please to trust my age with more,  
It shall pay double interest: Good fir stay.

*Green.* I haue beene too bold.

*Alex.* Not so fir. A merry day  
Mongst friends being spent, is better then gold sau'd.  
Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaues I keepe.

*Enter three or foure Seruingmen, and Neatfoote.*

*Neat.* At your worshipfull elbow, fir.

*Alex.* You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

*Neat.* Your worship has giuen it vs right.

*Alex.* You varlets stirre,  
Chaires, stooles and cushions: pre'thee fir *Dany Dapper*,  
Make th at chaire thine.

*Sir Dap.* Tis but an easie gift,  
And yet I thanke you for it fir, I'll take it.

*Alex.* A chaire for old fir *Adam Appleton*.

*Neat.* A backe friend to your worship.

*Adam.* Mary good *Neatfoot*,  
I thanke thee for it: backe friends sometimes are good.

*Alex.* Pray make that stoole your pearch, good M. *Goshawke*.

*Gosh.* I stoope to your lure fir.

*Alex.* Sonne *Sebastian*,  
Take Maister *Greenwit* to you.

*Seb.* Sit deere friend.

*Alex.* Nay maister *Laxton*——furnish maister *Laxton*  
With what he wants (a stone) a stoole I would say, a stoole.

*Laxton.* I had rather stand fir. *Exeunt seruants.*

*Alex.* I know you had (good M. *Laxton*.) So, so---  
Now heres a messe of friends, and (gentlemen)  
Because times glasse shall not be running long,  
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir

## The Roaring Girle.

*Sir Dap.* Good rales do well,  
In these bad dayes, where vice does so excell.

*Adam.* Begin fir *Alexander.*

*Alex.* Last day I met  
An aged man vpon whose head was scor'd,  
A debt of iust so many yeares as these,  
Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.

*Omnes.* His name I pray you fir.

*Alex.* Nay you shall pardon me,  
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,  
Or seem'd to breake his heart-strings) thus he spake:  
Oh my good knight, saies he, (and then his eies  
Were richer euen by that which made them poore,  
They had spent so many teares they had no more.)  
Oh fir (saies he) you know it, for you ha seene  
Blessings to raine vpon mine house and me:  
Fortune (who slaues men) was my slaue: her wheele  
Hath spun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,  
I nere had but one cause to curse my starres,  
I ask't him then, what that one cause might be.

*Omnes.* So Sir.

*Alex.* He paus'd, and as we often see,  
A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found  
No wrinkle on his brow, his waues being drown'd  
In their owne rage: but when th' imperious wind,  
Vse strange inuisible tyranny to shake  
Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyse:  
The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray  
Rise vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they,  
Euen so this good old man was by my question  
Stir'd vp to roughnesse, you might see his gall  
Flow euen in's eies: then grew he fantasticall,

*Sir Dap.* Fantasticall, ha, ha.

*Alex.* Yes, and talke odly.

*Adam.* Pray fir proceed,  
How did this old man end?

*Alex.* Mary fir thus.

He

## The Roaring Girle.

He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,  
Yet then (though age cast snow on all his haire)  
He ioy'd because (saies he) the God of gold  
Has beene to me no niggard: that disease  
(Of which all old men sicken) Auarice  
Neuer infected me.

*Lax.* He meanes not himselfe i' me sure.

*Alex.* For like a lamp,  
Fed with continuall oyle, I spend and throw  
My light to all that need it, yet haue still  
Enough to serue my selfe, oh but (quoth he)  
Tho heauens dew fall, thus on this aged tree,  
I haue a sonne thats like a wedge doth cleaue,  
My very heart roote,

*S. Dap.* Had he such a sonne,

*Seb.* Now I do smell a fox strongly.

*Alex.* Lets see: no Maister *Greene-mit* is not yet  
So mellow in yeares as he; but as like *Sebastian*,  
Iust like my sonne *Sebastian*, — such another.

*Seb.* How finely like a fencer my father fetches his by-blowes  
to hit me, but if I beate you not at your owne weapon of sub-  
tilty.

*Alex.* This sonne (saith he) that should be  
The column and maine arch vnto my house,  
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlwind  
Shaking the firme foundation,

*Adam* Tis some prodigall.

*Seba.* Well shot old *Adam Bell*.

*Alex.* No citty monster neither, no prodigall,  
But sparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wiuelesse)  
An excellent husband, and such a traueller,  
He has more tongues in his head then some haue teeth,

*S. Dap.* I haue but two in myne

*Gosh.* So sparing and so wary,  
What then could vex his father so.

*Alex.* Oh a woman.

*Seb.* A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

*Alex.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Alex.* A scurvy woman,  
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated:  
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth  
To mocke the sex of woman. --- It is a thing  
One knowes not how to name, her birth began  
Ere she was all made. Tis woman more then man,  
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)  
The Sunne giues her two shadowes to one shape,  
Nay more, let this strange thing, walke, stand or sit,  
No blazing starre drawes more eyes after it.

*S. Dap.* A Monster, tis some Monster.

*Alex.* Shee's a varlet.

*Seb.* Now is my cue to bristle.

*Alex.* A naughty packe.

*Seb.* Tis false.

*Alex.* Ha boy.

*Seb.* Tis false.

*Alex.* Whats false, I say shee's nought.

*Seb.* I say that tongue

That dares speake so (but yours) stickes in the throate  
Of a ranke villaine, set your selfe aside. -----

*Alex.* So fir what then.

*Seb.* Any here else had lyed.

I thinke I shall fit you — aside.

*Alex.* Lye.

*Seb.* Yes.

*Sir Dap.* Doth this concerne him.

*Alex.* Ah firra boy.

Is your bloud heated: boyles it: are you stung,  
Ile pierce you deeper yet: oh my deere friends,  
I am that wretched father, this that sonne,  
That sees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.

*Adam.* Will you loue such a poyson.

*S. Dap.* Fye, fye.

*Seb.* Y'are all mad.

*Alex.* Th'art sicke at heart, yet feelst it not: of all these,  
What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his disease

C

Mortall

**the Roaring Girle.**

Mortall, would shun the cure : oh Maister *Greenewit*,  
Would you to such an Idoll bow.

*Greene.* Not I sir.

*Alex.* Heer's Maister *Laxton*, has he mind to a woman  
As thou hast.

*Lax.* No not I sir.

*Alex.* Sir I know it.

*Lax.* There good parts are so rare, there bad so common,  
I will haue nought to do with any woman.

*Sir Dap.* Tis well done Maister *Laxton*.

*Alex.* Oh thou cruell boy,  
Thou wouldst with lust an old mans life destroy,  
Because thou seest I me halfe way in my graue,  
Thou shouldest dust vpon me : woud thou mightest haue  
Thy wish, most wicked, most vnnaturall.

*Dap.* Why sir, tis thought, sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter  
Shall wed your sonne *Sebastian*.

*Alex.* Sir *Dany Dapper*.

I haue vpon my knees, woud this fond boy,  
To take that vertuous maiden.

*Seb.* Harke you a word sir.

You on your knees haue curst that vertuous maiden,  
And me for louing her, yet do you now  
Thus baffle me to my face: were not your knees  
In such intreates, giue me *Fitz-Allards* daughter.

*Alex.* Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.

*Seb.* Well then you know  
What dish I meane to feed vpon.

*Alex.* Harke Gentlemen,  
He sweares to haue this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall.

*Omnes.* Maister *Sebastian*.

*Seb.* I am deafe to you all.  
I me so bewicht, so bound to my desires,  
Teares, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires  
That burne within me.

*Exit Sebastian.*

*Alex.* Her bloud shall quench it then,  
Loose him not, oh diswade him Gentlemen.

*Sir Dap.*

## The Roaring Girle.

Sir *Dap*. He shall be weand I warrant you.

*Alex*. Before his eyes

Lay downe his shame, my griefe, his miseries.

*Ommes*. No more, no more, away.

*Exeunt all but sir  
Alexander.*

*Alex*. I wash a *Negro*,

Loosing both paines and cost: but take thy flight,

Ile be most neere thee, when I'me least in sight.

Wilde Bucke ile hunt thee breathlesse, thou shalt run on,

But I will turne thee when I'me not thought vpon.

*Enter Ralph Trapdore:*

Now sirra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and speake.

*Trap*. A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.

*Alex*. Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my seruice.

*Trap*. To be a shifter vnder your Worships nose of a clean trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.

*Alex*. Troth honest fellow --- humh -- ha -- let me see,  
This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe  
At which I stumble, has a face that promiseth  
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,  
And if the edge proue fine make vse of it.  
Come hither sirra, canst thou be secret, ha.

*Trap*. As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of their clyents.

*Alex*. Didst neuer, as thou hast walkt about this towne  
Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll*, mad merry *Moll*.

*Trap*. *Moll* cutpurse sir.

*Alex*. The same, dost thou know her then,

*Trap*. Aswell as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day  
next, I will sift all the tauerns ith citty, and drinke halfe pots  
with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will sir Ile find  
her out.

*Alex*. That task is easy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.  
Whats this, ist burnt?

*Trap*. No sir no, a little findgd with making fire workes.

*Alex*. Ther's mony, spend it, that being spent fetch more.

*Trap*. Oh sir that all the poore souldiers in *England* had  
such

## The Roaring Girle.

such a leader. For fetching no water Spaniell is like me.

*Alex.* This wench we speake of, straies so from her kind  
Nature repents she made her. Tis a Mermaid  
Has told my sonne to shipwracke.

*Trap.* Ile cut her combe for you.

*Alex.* Ile tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,  
Cast out a line hung full of siluer hookes  
To catch her to thy company: deepe spendings  
May draw her thats most chaste to a mans bosome.

*Trap.* The gingling of Golden bells, and a good foole with  
a hobbyhorse, wil draw all the whoores ith to wneto dance in a  
morris,

*Alex.* Or rather, for thats best, (they say sometimes  
Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

*Trap.* And when her breeches are off, shee shall follow me.

*Alex.* Beate all thy braines to serue her.

*Trap.* Zounds sir, as country wenches beate creame, till  
butter comes.

*Alex.* Play thou the futtle spider, weaue fine nets  
To insnare her very life.

*Trap.* Her life.

*Alex.* Yes sucke  
Her heart-bloud if thou canst, twist thou but cords  
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

*Trap.* Spoke like a Worshipfull bencher.

*Alex.* Trace all her steps: at this shee-foxes den  
Watch what lambs enter: let me play the sheepeheard  
To saue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

*Trap.* This is the goll shall doot.

*Alex.* Be firme and gaine me  
Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee:  
How is thy name.

*Trap.* My name sir is *Rap* Trapdore, honest *Raph.*

*Alex.* *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerous step  
For her to venture on, but vnto me.

*Trap.* As fast as your sole to your boote or shooe sir.

*Alex.* Hence then, be little scene here as thou canst.

*Ilex.*

## The Roaring Girle.

He still be at thine elbow.

*Trap.* The trapdores set.

*Moll* if you budge y'are gon: this me shall crowne,

A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe,

*Alex.* God a mercy, loose no time.

*Exeunt.*

*The three shops open in a ranke: the first a Poticaries shop, the next a Fether shop: the third a Sempsters shop: Mistresse Gallipot in the first, Mistresse Tiltyard in the next, Maister Openworke and his wife in the third, to them enters Laxton, Goshawke and Greenewit.*

*Ms. Open.* Gentlemen what ist you lacke. What ist you buy, see fine bands and ruffes, fine lawnes, fine cambrickes, what ist you lacke Gentlemen, what ist you buy?

*Lax.* Yonders the shop.

*Gosh.* Is that shee. *Lax.* Peace,

*Green.* Shee that minces Tobacco.

*Lax.* I: shees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell you, tho it be her hard fortune now to shread Indian pot-hearbes.

*Gosh.* Oh sir tis many a good womans fortune, when her husband turns bankrout, to begin with pipes and set vp againe.

*Lax.* And indeed the rayfing of the woman is the lifting vp of the mans head at all times, if one flourish, tother will bud as fast I warrant ye.

*Gosh.* Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

*Lax.* And you grope no better ith dark you may chance lye ith ditch when y'are drunke.

*Gosh.* Go th'art a misticall letcher.

*Lax.* I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce of pure smoake.

*Gosh.* May take vp an ell of pure smock; away go, tis the closest striker. Life I think he comits venery 40 foote deepe, no mans aware on't, I like a palpable smockster go to worke so openly, with the tricks of art, that I me as aparantly seen as a naked boy in a viall, & were it not for a guift of trechery that I haue in me to betray my friend whē he puts most trust in me (masse yonder

## The Roaring Girl.

hee is too—) and by his iniurie to make good my access to her, I should appeare as defectiue in courting, as a Farmers sonne the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glasse windowes for a month together, and some broken wayting woman for euer after. I find those imperfections in my venerie, that were't not for flatterie and falshood, I should want discourse and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women, is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet. — He shall not see me yet.

*Greene.* Troth this is finely shred.

*Lax.* Oh women are the best mincers.

*Mist. Gal.* 'Thad bin a good phrase for a Cookes wife sir.

*Lax.* But 'twill serue generally, like the front of a newe Almanacke; as thus: Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiues, but generally for all Englishwomen.

*Mist. Gal.* Nay you shall ha'te sir, I haue fild it for you.

*Shee puts it to the fire.*

*Lax.* The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine alwaies so.

*Gree.* But not to be vs'd a that fashion.

*Lax.* O pardon me sir, I vnderstand no french.

I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich smoake.

*Gosh.* Rich smoake; that's 6. pence a pipe ist?

*Green.* To me sweet Lady.

*Mist. Gal.* Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange; Art and Wit makes a foole of suspition:—pray be warie.

*Lax.* Push, I warrant you:—come, how ist gallants?

*Green.* Pure and excellent.

*Lax.* I thought 'twas good, you were growne so silent; you are like those that loue not to talke at victuals, tho they make a worse noyse i' the nose then a common fidders prentice, and discourse a whole Supper with snuffling; — I must speake a word with you anone.

*Mist. Gal.* Make your way wisely then.

(ners,

*Gosh.* Oh what else sir, hee's perfection it selfe, full of man- But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

*Green.* I and full of forme, h'as ne're a good stoole in's chamber.

*Gosh.*

## The Roaring Girl.

*Gosh.* But aboue all religious : hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

*Green.* And valiant aboue measure; h'as runne three streets from a Sericant.

*Lax.* Puh, Puh. *he blowes tobacco in their faces.*

*Green.Gosh.* Oh, puh, ho, ho.

*Lax.* So, so.

*Mist. Gal.* Whats the matter now fir?

*Lax.* I protest I'me in extreame want of money, if you can supply mee now with any meanes, you doe mee the greatest pleasure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman tasted.

*Mist. Gal.* What's the summe would pleasure ye fir?  
Tho you deserue nothing lesse at my hands.

*Lax.* Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou know'st; I put her off with opportunitie still: by this light I hate her, but for meanes to keepe me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend vpon other wenches, beare her in hand still; shee has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to consume the money: why how now? what the chin-cough?

*Gosh.* Thou hast the cowardliest tricke to come before a mans face and strangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earnest.

*Lax.* Poxe and thou do'st, thou know'st I neuer vse to fight with my friends, thou'l but loose thy labour in't.

*Iacke Dapper!* *Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.*

*Greene.* Mounfier Dapper, I diue downe to your anckles.

*I. Dap.* Saue ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

*Gosh.* He were ill to make a lawyer, hee dispatches three at once.

*Lax.* So wel said: but is this of the same Tobaecco mistresse Gallipot?

*M. Gal.* The same you had at first fir.

*Lax.* I wish it no better: this will serue to drinke at my chamber.

*Gosh.* Shall we taste a pipe on't?

*Lax.*

## The Roaring Girl.

*Lax.* Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue sworne before you.

*Gosb.* What not *Iacke dapper*.

*Lax.* Pardon me sweet *Iacke*, I'me sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oathes must stand: where art going *Iacke*.

*Iac. Dap.* Faith to buy one fether.

*Lax.* One fether, the foole's peculiar still.

*Iac. Dap.* Gul.

*Gul.* Maister.

*Iac. Dap.* Heer's three halpence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

*Gul.* How three single halpence; life, this will scarce serue a man in sauce, a halporth of mustard, a halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, whats left then for the pickle herring: this shoves like small beere ith morning after a great surfet of wine ore night, hee could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girles and braue bawdy-house boyes, I thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, these are the eggs of three pound, Ile go sup'em vp presently. *Exit Gul.*

*Lax.* Fight, nine, ten Angels, good wench ifaith, and one that loues darkenesse well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugsters wife in England: but that which mads her I raile vpon oportunitie still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a roome with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entred but the candle was sent of an arrant: now I not intending to vnderstand her, but like a puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cosens her husband to keepe me, and Ile keepe her honest, as long as I can, to make the poore man some part of amends, an honest minde of a whooremaister, how thinke you amongst you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.

*Gosb.* No your a horder, you ingrose bith ounces.

*At the Fether shop now.*

*Iac. Dap.* Puh I like it not.

*M. Tilt-yard* What fether ist you'd haue sir.

These

## The Roaring Girl:

These are most worne and most in fashion,  
Amongst the Beuer gallants the stone Riders.  
The priuate stages audience, the twelu peny stool Gentlemen,  
I can enforme you tis the generall fether.

*Iac. Dap.* And therefore I mislike it, tell me of generall.  
Now a continuall *Simon and Iudes* raine  
Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.  
Shew me — a — spangled fether,

*Mist. Tilt.* Oh to go a feasting with,  
You'd haue it for a hinch boy, you shall. *At the Sempsters  
shop now.*

*Mais. Open.* Masse I had quite forgot,  
His Honours footeman was here last night wife,  
Ha you done with my Lords shirt.

*Mist. Open.* Whats that to you sir,  
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,  
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.

*Mais. Open.* Oh 'twas well done good wife.

*Mr. Op.* I hold it better sir, then if you had don't your selfe.

*Ma. Op.* Nay so say I: but is the Countesses smocke almost  
donne mouse.

*Mi. Op.* Here lyes the cambricke sir, but wants I feare mee.

*Ma. Op.* Ile resolue you of that presently,

*Mi. Op.* Haida, oh audacious groome,  
Dare you presume to noble womens linnen,  
Keepe you your yard to measure sheepeheards holland,  
I must confine you I see that. *At the Tobacco shop now.*

*Gosh.* What say you to this geere.

*Lax.* Idare the arrants criticke in Tobacco  
To lay one salt vpon't. *Enter Mol in a freese Ierkin and  
a blacke sauegard.*

*Gosh.* Life yonders *Mol.*

*Lax.* Mol which Mol. *Gosh.* honest *Mol.*

*Lax.* Prithee lets call her --- *Mol.*

*All.* *Mol, Mol, pist Mol.*

*Mol.* How now, whats the matter.

*Gosh.* A pipe of good tobacco *Mol.*

*Mol.* I cannot stay.

*Gosh.* Nay *Moll* puh, prethee harke, but one word ifaith.

D

*Mol*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Mol.* Well what ist.

*Green.* Prithee come hither sirra.

*Lax.* Hart I would giue but too much money to be nibling with that wench, life, sh'as the Spirit of foure great parishs, and a voyce that will drowne all the Citty, me thinkes a braue Captaine might get all his souldiers vpon her, and nere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke sops, if hee could come on, and come off quicke enough: Such a *Moll* were a maribone before an *Italian*, hee would cry *bona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard siege to her, mony is that *Aqua fortis*, that eates into many a maidenhead, where the wals are flesh & bloud Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

*Gosh.* Now thy iudgement *Moll*, ist not good?

*Mol.* Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you sell an ounce, farewell. God b'y you Mistresse Gallipot,

*Gosh.* Why *Mol*, *Mol*.

*Mol.* I cannot stay now ifaith, I am going to buy a shag ruffe, the shop will be shut in presently.

*Gosh.* Tis the maddest fantasticalst girle: -- I neuer knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

*Lax.* Shee slips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmans fingers: -- Ile watch my time for her.

*Mist. Gal.* Some will not sticke to say shees a man And some both man and woman.

*Lax.* That were excellent, she might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.

*The Fether shop againe.*

*Moll.* Saue you; how does Mistresse Tiltyard?

*I. Dap.* Mol.

*Mol.* Iacke Dapper.

*I. Dap.* How dost *Mol*.

*Mol.* Ile tell the by and by, I go but toth' next shop.

*I. Dap.* Thou shalt find me here this howre about a fether.

*Mol.* Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole houre, a goose will last you all the daies of your life. Let me see a good shag ruffe.

*The Sempster shop.*

*Mist. Open.*

## The Roaring Girl.

*Mist. Open.* Mistresse *Mary* that shalt thou ifaith, and the best in the shop.

*Mist. Open.* How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betweene you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I send you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a mischiefe, I'me seru'd with good ware byth shift, that makes it lye dead so long vpon my hands, I were as good shut vp shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

*Mist. Open.* Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell cannot stop you, Ile out of the Belfry as fast as I can — *Moll.*

*Mist. Open.* Get you from my shop.

*Mol.* I come to buy.

(shop

*Mist. Open.* Ile sell ye nothing, I warne yee my house and

*Mol.* You goody *Openworke*, you that prick out a poore liuing And sowes many a bawdy skin-coate together,

Thou priuate pandresse betweene shirt and smock,

I wish thee for a minute but a man:

Thou shouldst neuer vse more shapes, but as th'art

I pittie my reuenge, now my spleenes vp, *Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side.*

I would not mocke it willingly — ha be thankfull.

Now I forgiue thee.

*Mist. Open.* *Mary* hang thee, I neuer askt forgiuenesse in my life.

*Mol.* You Goodman swinesface.

*Fellow* What wil you murder me.

*Mol.* You remember slaue, how you abusd me t'other night in a Tauerne.

*Fel.* Not I by this light.

*Mol.* No, but by candlelight you did, you haue trickes to saue your oathes, reseruations haue you, and I haue reserued somewhat for you, --- as you like that call for more, you know the signe againe.

*Fel.* Pox ant, had I brought any company along with mee to haue borne witnesse on't, twold ne're haue grieu'd me, but to be stricke and nobody by, tis my ill fortune still, why tread vpon a worme they say twill turne taile, but indeed a Gentle-

## The Roaring Girle.

man should haue more manners.

*Exit fellow.*

*Lax.* Gallantly performed ifath *Mol*, and manfully, I loue thee for euer fort, base rogue, had he offerd but the least counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for him.

*Mol.* You prepared for him, why should you be prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

*Lax.* No not so much by a yard and a handfull London measure..

*Moll.* Why do you speake this then, doe you thinke I cannot ride a stone horse, vnlesse one lead him bith snaffle.

*Lax.* Yes and sit him brauely, I know thou canst *Mol*, twas but an honest mistake through loue, and Ile make amends fort any way, prethee sweete plumpe *Mol*, when shall thou and I go out a towne together.

*Mol.* Whether to Tyburne prethee.

*Lax.* Masse thats out a towne indeed, thou hangst so many iests vpon thy friends stil. I meane honestly to *Brainford, Staines* or *Ware*.

*Mol.* What to do there.

*Lax.* Nothing but bee merry and lye together, Ile hire a coach with foure horses.

*Mol.* I thought 'twould bee a beastly iourney, you may leaue out one wel, three horses will serue, if I play the iade my selfe.

*Lax.* Nay push th'art such another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meete.

*Mol.* Tis hard but we shall meete fir.

*Lax.* Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold *Mol*, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou wilt meete me, and Ile haue a coach ready for thee.

*Mol.* Why here's my hand Ile meete you fir.

*Lax.* Oh good gold, ---the place sweete *Mol*.

*Mol.* It shal be your appointment.

*Lax.* Somewhat neere Holborne *Mol*.

*Mol.* In Graies-Inne fields then.

*Lax.* A match. *Mol.* Ile meete you there.

*Lax.* The houre. *Mol.* Three.

*Lax.*

## The Roaring Girl.

*Lax.* That will be time enough to sup at *Braine-ford.*

*Fall from them to the other.*

*Ma. Op.* I am of such a nature sir, I cannot endure the house when shee scolds, sh' has a tongue will be hard further in a still morning then Saint Antlings-bell, she railes vpon me for foraine wenching, that I being a freem<sup>n</sup> must needs keep a whore ith subburbs, and seeke to impouerish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

*Gosh.* No trouble at all, tis a pleasure to mee to ioine things together.

*Mist. Open.* Go thy waies, I doe this but to try thy honesty  
*Goshawke.* *The Fether Shop.*

*Iac. Dap.* How lik'st thou this *Mol.*

*Mol.* Oh singularly, your fitted now for a bunch, he lookes for all the world with those spangled fethers like a noblemans bedpost: The purity of your wench would I faine try, shee seemes like Kent vnconquered, and I beleue as many wiles are in her ----- oh the gallants of these times are shallow letchers, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench, tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because shee's nere thoroughly try'd, I am of that certaine beleefe there are more queanes in this towne of their owne making, then of any mans prouoking, where lyes the slacknesse then? many a poore soule would downe, and ther's nobody will push Women are courted but nere soundly tri'd, (em:  
As many walke in spurs that neuer ride. *The Sempsters Shop.*

*Mist. Open.* Oh abominable.

*Gosh.* Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a whore ith subburbs.

*Mist. Open.* O spittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman borne. Ile shew you mine armes when you please sir.

*Gosh.* I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

*Mist. Openwork.* Tis well knowne he tooke me from a Ladies seruice, where I was well beloued of the steward, I had my Lattine tongue, and a spice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keepe a subberbian whoore vnder my nostrils.

## The Roaring Girdle.

*Gosh.* There's waies enough to cry quite with him, harke in thine eare.

*Mist. Open.* There's a friend worth a Million.

*Mol* I'll try one speare against your chastity *Mist. Tilt-yard*  
Though it proue too short by the burgh.

*Trap.* Masse here she is.

*Enter Ralph Trapdore*

I'me bound already to serue her, tho it be but a fluttish tricke.  
Blesse my hopefull yong Mistresse with long life and great  
limbs, send her the vpper hand of all balifes, and their hungry  
adherents.

*Mol.* How now, what art thou?

*Trap.* A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would gladly wait  
for the yong floud of your seruice.

*Mol.* My seruice! what should moue you to offer your seruice to me sir?

*Trap.* The loue I beare to your heroicke spirit and masculine womanhood.

*Mol.* So sir, put case we should retaine you to vs, what parts are there in you for a Gentlewomans seruice.

*Trap.* Of two kinds right Worshipfull: moueable, and immoueable: moueable to run of arrants, and immoueable to stand when you haue occasion to vse me.

*Mol.* What strength haue you.

*Trap.* Strength Mistresse *Mol*, I haue gon vp into a steeple, and staid the great bell as 'thas beene ringing; stopt a windmill going.

*Mols trips up his heels he fals.*

*Mol.* And neuer stricke downe your selfe.

*Trap.* Stood as vpriight as I do at this present.

*Mol.* Come I pardon you for this, it shall bee no disgrace to you: I haue stricke vp the heeles of the high Germanes size ere now, ----- what not stand.

*Trap.* I am of that nature where I loue, I'll bee at my mistresse foot to do her seruice.

*Mol.* Why well said, but say your Mistresse should receiue iniury, haue you the spirit of fighting in you, durst you second her.

*Trap.* Life I haue kept a bridge my selfe, and drowe seuen  
at

## The Roaring Girle.

at a time before me. *Mol. I.*

*Trap.* But they were all Lincolneshire bullockes by my troth. *aside.*

*Mol.* Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, between three and foure this afternoone, and vpon better consideration weele retaine you.

*Trap.* I humbly thanke your good Mistriship, Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse.

*Exit Trapdore*

*Lax.* Remember three.

*Mol meets Laxton*

*Moll.* Nay if I faile you hange me.

*Lax.* Good wench Ifaith.

*then Openworke.*

*Moll.* Whose this.

*Maist. Open.* Tis I *Mol.*

*Moll.* Prithee tend thy shop and preuent bastards.

*Maist. Open.* Wele haue a pint of the same wine ifaith *Mol.*

*The bel rings.*

*Gosh.* Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

*Iacke Dapper* where shals all munch.

*Iae. Dap.* I am for Parkers ordinary.

*Lax.* Hee's a good guest to'm, hee deserues his boord,  
He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,  
Weele be your followers *Iacke*, lead the way,  
Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his nest well.

*Exeunt Gallants.*

*Enter Maister Gallipot, Maister Tiltyard, and seruants  
with water Spaniels and a ducke.*

*Maist. Tilt.* Come shut vp your shops, where's *Maister Openworke.*

*Mist. Gal.* Nay aske not me *Maister Tiltyard.*

*Maist. Tilt.* Wher's his water dog, puh--pist--hur--hur-pist

*Maist. Gal.* Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogf-  
den.

*Mist. Gal.* To Hogfden husband.

*Maist. Gal.* I to Hogfden pigs ny.

*Mist. Gal.* I'm not ready husband. *spits in the dogs mouth*

*Maist. Gal.* Faith thats well -- hum--pist--pist

Come

## The Roaring Girle.

*Maist. Gal.* Come Mistresse *Openworke* you are so long.

*Mist. Open.* I haue nō ioy of my life *Maister Gallipot.*

*Maist. Gal.* Push, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along,  
and weele show you the braueſt ſport at parlous pond, he trug,  
he trug, he trug, heres the beſt ducke in England, except my  
wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch, come lets away  
Of all the yeare this is the ſpōrtfulſt day.

*Enter Sebastian ſolus.*

*Seb.* If a man haue a free will, where ſhould the vſe  
More perfect ſhine then in his will to loue.

All creatures haue their liberty in that, *Enter Sir Alexander*  
Tho elie kept vnder ſeruile yoke and feare, *and liſtens to him.*

The very bondſlaue has his freedome there,  
Amongſt a world of creatures voyc'd and ſilent.

Muſt my deſires weare fetters ---- yea are you  
So neere, then I muſt breake with my hearts truth;  
Meete grieſe at a backe way ---- well: why ſuppoſe.

The two leaud tongues of ſlander or of truth  
Pronounce *Mol* loathſome: if before my loue

Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,

I haue the thing I like? in all things elſe

Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em proſper,

Life what ſhould aile it now? I know that man

Nere truly loues, if he gaineſayt he lyes,

That winks and marries with his fathers eyes.

Ile keepe myne owne wide open. *Enter Mol and a porter*

*Alex.* Here's braue wilfulneſſe, *with a viall on his backe.*

A made match, here ſhe comes, they met a purpoſe.

*Por.* Muſt I carry this great fiddle to your chamber *Miſtreſſe*  
*Mary.*

*Mol.* Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, ſome of theſe porters  
beare ſo much for others, they haue no time to carry wit for  
themſelues.

*Por.* To your owne chamber *Miſtreſſe Mary.*

*Moll.* Who'le heare an Aſſe ſpeake: whither elſe good-  
man

## The Roaring Girle.

man pagent-bearer : the're people of the worst memories.

*Exit Porter.*

*Seb.* Why 'twere too great a burthen loue, to haue them carry things in their minds, and a'ther backs together.

*Mol.* Pardon me sir, I thought not you so neere.

*Alex.* So,so,so.

*Seb.* I would be neerer to thee, and in that fashion, That makes the best part of all creatures honest. No otherwise I wish it.

*Mol.* Sir I am so poore to requite you, you must looke for nothing but thanks of me, I haue no humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth sides ath bed my selfe; and againe ath'other side, a wife you know ought to be obedient, but I feare me I am too headstrong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you so well sir for your good will I'de be loath you should repent your bargaine after, and therefore wee le nere come together at first, I haue the head now of my selfe, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden looses one head, and has a worse ith place.

*Alex.* The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girle, that euer mine eares drunke in.

*Seb.* This were enough now to affright a foole for euer from thee, when tis the musicke that I loue thee for,

*Alex.* There's a boy spoyles all againe.

*Mol.* Beleue it sir I am not of that disdainefull temper, but I could loue you faithfully.

*Alex.* A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Y'are a cunning roarer I see that already.

*Mol.* But sleepe vpon this once more sir, you may chance shift a minde to morrow, be not too hasty to wrong your selfe, neuer while you liue sir take a wife running, many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you see sir I speake against my selfe, and if euery woman would deale with their suter so honestly, poore yonger brothers would not bee so often gul'd with old cosoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a pension, fare you well sir.

E

*Seb.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Seb.* Nay prethee one word more.

*Alex.* How do I wrong this girle, she puts him of still.

*Moll.* Thinke vpon this in cold bloud fir, you make as much hast as if you were a going vpon a sturghion voyage, take deliberation fir, neuer chuse a wife as if you were going to Virginia.

*Seb.* And so we parted, my too cursed fate.

*Alex.* She is but cunning, giues him longer time in't.

*Enter a Tailor:*

*Taylor* Mistresse *Mol*, Mistresse *Mol*: so ho ho so ho.

*Mol.* There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

*Taylor* I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

*Alex.* Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinckets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must weare long coates like a foole.

*Mol.* What fiddlings heere, would not the old patterne haue seru'd your turne.

*Taylor.* You change the fashion, you say you'le haue the great Dutch slop Mistresse *Mary*.

*Mol.* Why fir I say so still.

*Taylor.* Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

*Mol.* Well pray looke it be put in then.

*Taylor.* It shall stand round and full I warrant you,

*Mol.* Pray make em easy enough.

*Taylor.* I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiffe betweene the legges, Ile make these open enough I warrant you.

*Alex.* Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my sonne to marry a Dutch slop, and a French dublet, a codpice daughter.

*Taylor.* So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

*Mol.* Why then farewell.

*Taylor.* If you go presently to your chamber Mistresse *Mary*, pray send me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

*Mol.*

## The Roaring Girl:

*Mol.* Well sir, Ile send it by a Porter perſently. *Exit Mol.*

*Taylor.* So you had neede, it is a luſty one, both of them would make any porters backe ake in England. *Exit Taylor.*

*Seb.* I haue examined the beſt part of man,  
Reason and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,  
They leaue me vncontrould, he that is ſwayd  
By an vnfeeling bloud, paſt heat of loue  
His ſpring time muſt needes erre, his watch nere goes right  
That ſets his dyall by a ruſty clocke,

*Alex.* So, and which is that ruſty clocke ſir you.

*Seb.* The clocke at Ludgate ſir, it nere goes true.

*Alex.* But thou goeſt falſer: not thy fathers cares  
Can keepe thee right, when that inſenſible worke,  
Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre  
And ſtops againe when time is ſatisfied,  
But thou runſt on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,  
Beats by all ſtoppes, as if the worke would breake  
Begunne with long paines for a minutes ruine,  
Much like a ſuffering man brought vp with care.  
At laſt bequeath'd to ſhame and a ſhort prayer,

*Seb.* I taſt you bitterer then I can deſerue ſir.

*Alex.* Who has bewitch thee ſonne, what diuell or drug,  
Hath wrought vpon the weakneſſe of thy bloud,  
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?  
Oh wake from drowſy and enchanted ſhame,  
Wherein thy ſoule ſits with a golden dreame  
Flatred and poyſoned, I am old my ſonne, (mine owne  
Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue waightier buſineſſe of  
Then to chide thee: I muſt not to my graue,  
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes  
Onely to ſleepe, and neuer cares to riſe,  
Let me diſpatch in time, come no more neere her.

*Seb.* Not honeſtly, not in the way of marriage,

*Alex.* What ſayſt thou marriage, in what place, the  
Sessions houſe, and who ſhall giue the bride, prethe, an indite-  
ment.

*Seb.* Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong her.

## The Roaring Girl.

*Alex.* Why, wouldst thou faine marry to be pointed at,  
Alas the numbers great, do not o'reburden't,  
Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,  
Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon  
As her thy folly doates on. If thou longst  
To haue the story of thy infamous fortunes,  
Serue for discourse in ordinaries and tauernes  
Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,  
Keepe on, thou canst not misse it: or to strike  
Thy wretched father to vntimely coldnesse,  
Keepe the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.  
Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,  
Nor sighes that flye in sparkles, from his sorrowes,  
Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,  
Me thinkes her very name should fright thee from her,  
And neuer trouble me.

*Seb.* Why is the name of *Mol* so fatall fir.

*Alex.* Many one fir, where suspect is entred,  
For seeke all *London* from one end to t'other,  
More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.

*Seb.* Whats that to her? let those blush for themselves.  
Can any guilt in others condemne her?

I'ue vowd to loue her: let all stormes oppose me,  
That euer beate against the brest of man,  
Nothing but deaths blacke tempest shall diuide vs.

*Alex.* Oh folly that can dote on nought but shame.

*Seb.* Put case a wanton itch runs through one name  
More then another, is that name the worse,  
Where honesty sits possesse in't? it should rather  
Appeare more excellent, and deserue more praise,  
When through foule mists a brightnesse it can raise.  
Why there are of the diuels, honest Gentlemen,  
And well descended, keepe an open house,  
And some ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.  
He hates vnworthily, that by rote contemnes,  
For the name neither saues, nor yet condemnes,  
And for her honesty, I haue made such prooffe an't,

## The Roaring Girle.

In feuerall formes, so neerely watcht her waies,  
I will maintaine that strict, against an army,  
Excepting you my father: here's her worst,  
Sh'has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,  
But nothing else comes neere it: and oftentimes  
Through her apparell somewhat shames her birth,  
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth,  
Would all *Mols* were no worse.

*Alex.* This way I toyle in vaine and giue but ayme  
To infamy and ruine: he will fall,  
My blessing cannot stay him: all my ioyes  
Stand at the brinke of a deuouring floud  
And will be wilfully swallowed: wilfully.  
But why so vaine, let all these teares be lost,  
Ile pursue her to shame, and so al's crost. *Exit Sir Alexander*

*Seb.* Hee is gon with some strange purpose, whose effect  
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,  
To thinke I loue so blindly: I but feed  
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.  
Wherein my ioy fits with a full wish crownd;  
Onely his moode excepted which must change.  
By opposite pollicies, courses indirect,  
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.  
This madde girle I'le acquaint with my intent,  
Get her assistance, make my fortunes knowne,  
Twixt louers hearts, shee's a fit instrument,  
And has the art to help them to their owne,  
By her aduise, for in that craft shee's wise,  
My loue and I may meete, spite of all spies. *Exit Sebastian.*

*Enter Laxton in Graies-Inne fields with the Coachman.*

*Lax.* Coachman.

*Coach.* Heere sir.

*Lax.* There's a tester more, prethee driue thy coach to the  
hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

*Coach.* Marybone parke sir.

## The Roaring Girl.

*Lax.* I, its in our way thou knowst.

*Coach.* It shall be done fir.

*Lax.* Coachman.

*Coach.* A non fir.

*Lax.* Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.

*Coach.* The best in Smithfield I warrant your fir.

*Lax.* May we safely take the vpper hand of any coacht velvet cappe or tuftaffety iacket, for they keepe a vilde swaggering in coaches now a daies, the hye waies are stopt with them.

*Coach.* My life for yours and baffle em to fir, ---- why they are the same iades belceue it fir, that haue drawne all your famous whores to *Ware*.

*Lax.* Nay then they know their businesse, they neede no more instructions.

*Coach.* The're so vsd to such iourneis fir, I neuer vse whip to em; for if they catch but the sent of a wench once, they runne like diuels.

*Exit Coachman with his whip.*

*Lax.* Fine *Cerberus*, that rogue will haue the start of a thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, heele ride prauncing to hell vpon a coach-horse.

Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I see her not, harke whats this, one, two three, three by the clock  
*The clocke strikes three.* at Sauoy, this is the houre, and Graies-Inne fields the place, shee swore she'd meete mee: ha yonders two Innes a Courtmen with one wench, but thats not shee, they walke toward Islington out of my way, I see none yet drest like her, I must looke for a shag ruffe, a freeze ierken, a short sword, and a safeguard, or I get none: why *Mol* prethee make hast, or the Coachman will curse vs anon.

*Enter Mol like a man.*

*Mol.* Oh heeres my Gentleman: if they would keepe their daies as well with their Mercers as their houres with their harlots, no bankrout would giue seuen score pound for a seriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deriued

## The Roaring Girdle.

riu'd, the corruption of a Cittizen, is the generation of a fer-  
iant, how his eye hawkes for venery. Come are you ready fir.

*Lax.* Ready, for what fir.

*Mol.* Do you aske that now fir, why was this meeting  
pointed.

*Lax.* I thought you mistooke me fir,  
You seeme to be some yong barrister,  
I haue no suite in law ---- all my land's sold  
I praise heauen for't; t'has rid me of much trouble,

*Mol.* Then I must wake you fir, where stands the coach,

*Lax.* Whose this, *Mol:* honest *Mol.*

*Mol.* So young, and purblind, your an old wanton in your  
eyes I see that.

*Lax.* Th'art admirably suited for the three pigions at  
*Brainford*, Ile sweare I knew thee not.

*Mol.* Ile sweare you did not: but you shall know me now.

*Lax.* No not here, we shall be spyde efaith, the coach is bet-  
ter, come. *Mol.* Stay.

*Lax.* What wilt thou vntrosse a point *Mol.*

*Shee puts of her cloake and drawes.*

*Mol.* Yes, heere's the point that I vntrosse, 'thas but  
one tag, 'twill serue tho to tye vp a rogues tongue.

*Lax.* How.

*(here's her pace,*

*Mol.* There's the gold with which you hir'd your hackney,  
Shee rackes hard, and perhaps your bones will feele it,  
Ten angels of mine own, I'ue put to thine, win em, & weare em,

*Lax.* Hold *Moll*, Mistrresse *Mary*.

*Mol.* Draw or Ile serue an execution on thee  
Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.

*Lax.* Draw vpon a woman, why what dost meane *Mol?*

*Mol.* To teach thy base thoughts manners: th'art one of those  
That thinkes each woman thy fond flexible whore,  
If she but cast a liberall eye vpon thee,  
Turne backe her head, shees thine, or amongst company,  
By chance drinke first to thee: then shee's quite gon,  
There's no meanes to help her: nay for a need,  
Wilt sweare vnto thy credulous fellow letchers.

That

### THE NOISING GIRLE.

That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at first sight  
Then her monkey all her life time;  
How many of our sex, by such as thou  
Haue their good thoughts paid with a blasted name  
That neuer deserued loosly or did trip  
In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.  
But for the staine of conscience and of soule,  
Better had women fall into the hands  
Of an aet silent, then a bragging nothing,  
There's no mercy in't --- what durst moue you sir,  
To thinke me whoorish? a name which I de teare out  
From the hye Germaines throat, if it lay ledger there  
To dispatch priuy slanders against mee.  
In thee I desye all men, there worst hates,  
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,  
With which they intangle the poore spirits of fooles,  
Distressed needlewomen and trade-fallne wiues.  
Fish that must needs bite, or themselves be bitten,  
Such hungry things as these may soone be tooke  
With a worne fastned on a golden hooke.  
Those are the letchers food, his prey, he watches  
For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore shifting sisters,  
Tis the best fish he takes: but why good fisherman,  
Am I thought meate for you, that neuer yet  
Had angling rod cast towards me? cause you'l'e say  
I'me giuen to sport, I'me often mery, iest,  
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust?  
O shame take all her friends then: but how ere  
Thou and the baser world censure my life,  
Ile send 'em word by thee, and write so much  
Vpon thy breast, cause thou shalt bear't in mind,  
Tell them 'twere base to yeeld, where I haue conquer'd.  
I scorne to prostitute my selfe to a man,  
I that can prostitue a man to mee,  
And so I greeete thee.

*Lax.* Heare me.

*Mol.* Would the spirits of al my slanders, were claspt in thine.  
That

## The Roaring Girle:

That I might vexe an army at one time,

*Lax.* I do repent me, hold,

*They fight.*

*Mol.* You'l die the better Christian then.

*Lax.* I do confesse I haue wrong'd thee *Mol.*

*Mol.* Confession is but poore amends for wrong,  
Vnlesse a rope would follow.

*Lax.* I aske thee pardon.

*Mol.* I'me your hir'd whoore fir.

*Lax.* I yeeld both purse and body.

*Mol.* Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

*Lax.* Spare my life.

*Mol.* I scorne to strike thee basely.

*Lax.* Spoke like a noble girle i' faith.

Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of a fencer,  
Sh'has wounded me gallantly, call you this a lletcherous viage?  
Here's bloud would haue seru'd me this seuen yeare in broken  
heads and cut fingers, & it now runs all out together, pox athe  
three pigions, I would the coach were here now to carry mee  
to the Chirurgions.

*Exit Laxton.*

*Mol.* If I could meete my enemies one by one thus,  
I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,  
And make 'em know, shee that has wit, and spirit,  
May scorne to liue beholding to her body for meate,  
Or for apparell like your common dame,  
That makes shame get her cloathes, to couer shame.  
Base is that minde, that kneels vnto her body,  
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,  
My spirit shall be Mistrsse of this house,  
As long as I haue time in't. — — oh

*Enter Trapdore.*

Heere comes my man that would be: 'tis his houre.  
Faith a good well fet fellow, if his spirit  
Be answerable to his vmbles; he walkes stiffe,  
But whether he will stand to't stilly, there's the point;  
Has a good calfe for't, and ye shall haue many a woman  
Choose him shee meanes to meke her head, by his calfe;  
I do not know their trickes in't, faith he seemes  
A man without; I'le try what he is within,

F

*Trap.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Trap.* Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three & foure,  
Ile fit her Mistreship with a peece of seruice,  
I'me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girle. *Shee inflles him*  
What a pox ailes you fir?

*Mol.* He beginnes like a Gentleman,

*Trap.* Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight:  
Life he comes backe againe. *She comes towards him.*

*Mol.* Was this spoke to me fir.

*Trap.* I cannot tell fir.

*Mol.* Go y'are a coxcombe.

*Trap.* Coxcombe.

*Mol.* Y'are a slaue.

*Trap.* I hope there's law for you fir.

*Mol.* Ye, do you see fir.

*Turne his hat.*

*Trap.* Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what  
house your off.

*Mol.* One of the Temple fir.

*Philips him.*

*Trap.* Masse so me thinkes.

*Mol.* And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.

*Trap.* I like you the worse because you shift your lodging  
Ile not meddle with you for that tricke fir. *(so often*

*Mol.* A good shift, but it shall not serue your turne.

*Trap.* You'le giue me leaue to passe about my businesse fir.

*Mol.* Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee before I  
ha done, and glad to serue me too.

*Trap.* How fir, serue you, not if there were no more men  
in England.

*Moll.* But if there were no more women in England  
I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,

*Trap.* Mistresse.

*Mol.* Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push fir,

*Trap.* What would your Worship haue me do.

*Mol.* You a fighter.

*Trap.* No, I praise heauen, I had better grace & more manners.

*Mol.* As how I pray fir.

*Trap.* Life, 'thad bene a beastly part of me to haue drawne  
my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world would a cry'd  
shame

## The Roaring Girle.

shame of me for that.

*Mol.* Why but you knew me not.

*Trap.* Do not say so Mistresse, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had bene in your belly.

*Mol.* Well, we shall try you further, ith meane time wee giue you intertainement.

*Trap.* Thanke your good Mistreship.

*Mol.* How many suites haue you.

*Trap.* No more suites then backes Mistresse.

*Mol.* Well if you deserue, I cast of this, next weeke, And you may creepe into't.

*Trap.* Thanke your good Worship.

*Mol.* Come follow me to *S. Thomas Apostles*, Ile put a liuery cloake vpon your backe, the first thing I do,

*Trap.* I follow my deere Mistresse. *Exeunt omnes*

*Enter* Mistresse Gallipot *as from supper, her husband after her.*

*Maisť.Gal.* What *Pru*, Nay sweete *Prudence*.

*Mist.Gal.* What a pruing keepe you, I thinke the baby would haue a teate it kyes so, pray be not so fond of me, leaue your Citty humours, I me vext at you to see how like a calfe you come bleating after me.

*Maisť.Gal.* Nay hony *Pru*: how does your rising vp before all the table shew? and flinging from my friends so vnciuilly, fye *Pru*, fye, come.

*Mist.Gal.* Then vp and ride ifaith.

*Maisť.Gal.* Vp and ride, nay my pretty *Pru* thats farre from my thought, ducky: why mouse, thy minde is nibbling at something, whats ist, what lyes vpon thy Stomach?

*Mist.Gal.* Such an asse as you: hoyda, y'are best turne mid-wife, or Physition: y'are a Poticary already, but I me none of your drugs.

*Maisť.Gal.* Thou art a sweete drug, sweetest *Pru*, and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.

*Mist.Gal.* Mnsť you be prying into a womans secrets: say ye?

*Maisť.Gal.* Womans secrets.

## The Roaring Girle.

*Mist. Gal.* What? I cannot haue a qualme come vpon mee but your teeth waters, till your nose hang ouer it.

*Maist. Gal.* It is my loue deere wife.

*Mist. Gal.* Your loue? your loue is all words; giue mee deeds, I cannot abide a man thats too fond ouer me, so coo-kish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind,

*Maist. Gal.* No *Prin*? why I hope I haue handled. -----

*Mist. Gal.* Handle a fooles head of your owne, -- fish---fish.

*Maist. Gal.* Ha, ha, tis such a waspe; it does mee good now to haue her sing me, little rogue.

*Mist. Gal.* Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide these aterne husbands: such cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things, they become you scruily.

*Maist. Gal.* Vpon my life she breeds, heauen knowes how I haue straind my selfe to please her, night and day: I wonder why wee Cittizens should get children so fretfull and vntoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine: shall I leaue thee my *Prin*.

*Mist. Gal.* Fye, fye, fye.

*Maist. Gal.* Thou shalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold sweete *Prin*. *Exit Maist. Gallipot.*

*Mist. Gal.* As your wit has done: now Maister *Laxton* shew your head, what newes from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, Buy any scurui-grasse, should bring loue letters amongst her herbes to his wife, pretty trick, fine conueyance? had iealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scuruy-grasse blinds them all; *Laxton* with bayes crown I thy wit for this, it deserues praise.

This makes me affect thee more, this prooues thee wise,

Lacke what poore shift is loue forc't to deuise? (toth' point)

She reads the letter.

*O Sweete Creature* --- (a sweete beginning) *pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence; though Demophon was false to Phillis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida: tho Eneus made an asse of Dido, I will dye to thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man*  
*beneath*

## The Roaring Girle.

*beneath the siluer moone shall make more of a woman then I do  
of thee, furnish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must doe it of  
necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee,  
protesting not to dye in thy debt, but rather to live so, as hitherto I  
haue and will.*

*Thy true Laxton euer.*

Alas poore Gentleman, troth I pittie him,  
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?  
Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an o,  
I know his threes too well; my childbed linnen?  
Shall I pawne that for him? then if my marke  
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought  
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turne?  
*Laxton*, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,  
I me l~~ike~~ a needle twixt two adamants.

*Enter Maister Gallipot hastily.*

*Maist. Gal.* Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp, ha, how,  
reading a letters? I smel a goose, a couple of capons, and a gam-  
mon of bacon from her mother out of the country, I hold my  
life, --- steale, --- steale. *Mist. Gal.* O besthrow your heart.

*Maist. Gal.* What letter's that? I'll see't. *She teares the letter.*

*Mist. Gal.* Oh would thou had'st no eyes to see the downefall  
of me and thy selfe: I'me for euer, for euer I'me vndone.

*Maist. Gal.* What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's that thou tear'st?

*Mist. Gal.* Would I could teare  
My very heart in peeces: for my soule  
Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me  
Beyond a womans suffering.

*Maist. Gall.* What meanes this?

*Mist. Gall.* Had you no other vengeance to throw downe,  
But euen in heigh of all my ioyes?

*Maist. Gal.* Deere woman.

*Mist. Gal.* When the full sea of pleasure and content seem'd  
to flow ouer me.

*Maist. Gal.* As thou desirest to keepe mee out of bedlam,

## The Roaring Girl.

tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at nurse false sicke, or dead?

*Mist.Gal.* Oh no.

*Mist.Gal.* Heavens blesse me, are my barnes and houses  
Yonder at Hockly hole consum'd with fire,  
I can build more, sweete *Pru.*

*Mist.Gal.* Tis worse, tis worse.

*Mist.Gal.* My factor broke, or is the *Jonas* suncke.

*Mist.Gal.* Would all we had were swallowed in the waues,  
Rather then both should be the scorne of slaues.

*Mist.Gal.* I'me at my wits end.

*Mist.Gal.* Oh my deere husband,  
Where once I thought my selfe a fixed starre,  
Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes,  
I feare now I shall proue a wanderer,  
Oh *Laxton*, *Laxton*, is it then my fate  
To be by thee orethrowne?

*Mist.Gal.* Defend me wise dome,  
From falling into frenzie, on my knees. (thy bosome.  
Sweete *Pru*, speake, whats that *Laxton* who so heauy lyes on

*Mist.Gal.* I shall sure run mad.

*Mist.Gal.* I shall run mad for company then: speak to me,  
I'me *Gallipot* thy husband, --- *Pru*, — why *Pru*.  
Art sicke in conscience for some villanous deed  
Thou wert about to act, didst meane to rob me,  
Tush I forgiue thee, hast thou on my bed  
Thrust my soft pillow vnder anothers head?  
He winke at all faults *Pru*, las thats no more,  
Then what some neighbours neere thee, haue done before,  
Sweete hony *Pru*, whats that *Laxton*?

*Mist.Gal.* Oh.

*Mist.Gal.* Out with him.

*Mist.Gal.* Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer,  
This hand which thou calst thine, to him was giuen,  
To him was I made sure ith sight of heauen.

*Mist.Gal.* I neuer heard this thunder.

*Mist.Gal.* Yes, yes, before

## The Roaring Girle.

I was to thee contracted, to him I swore,  
Since last I saw him twelue moneths three times told,  
The Moone hath drawne through her light filuer bow,  
For ore the seas hee went, and it was said,  
(But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead.  
But hee's aliue, oh hee's aliue, he sent,  
That letter to me, which in rage I rent,  
Swearing with oathes most damnably to haue me,  
Or teare me from this bosome, oh heauens saue me,

*Maist. Gal.* My heart will breake, — sham'd and vndone  
for euer.

*Mist. Gal.* So black a day (poore wretch) went ore thee neuer.

*Maist. Gal.* If thou shouldst wrastle with him at the law,  
Th'art sure to fall, no odde flight, no preuention.  
Ile tell him th'art with child.

*Mist. Gal.* Vmh.

*Maist. Gall.* Or giue out one of my men was tane a bed  
with thee.

*Mist. Gal.* Vmh, vmh.

*Maist. Gal.* Before I loose thee my deere *Pru*,  
Ile driue it to that push.

*Mist. Gal.* Worse, and worse still,  
You embrace a mischiefe, to preuent an ill.

*Maist. Gal.* Ile buy thee of him, stop his mouth with Gold,  
Think'st thou twill do.

*Mist. Gall.* Oh me, heauens grant it would,  
Yet now my sences are set more in tune,  
He writ, as I remember in his letter,  
That he in riding vp and downe had spent,  
(Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, send that,  
Stand not on thirty with him.

*Maist. Gal.* Forty *Pru*, say thou the word tis done, wee  
venture liues for wealth, but must do more to keepe our wiues,  
thirty or forty *Pru*.

*Mist. Gal.* Thirty good sweete  
Of an ill bargaine lets saue what we can,  
Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man

When

## The Roaring Girle.

When first I knew him of a meeke spirit,  
All goodnesse is not yet dryd vp I hope.

*Maist. Gall.* He shall haue thirty pound, let that stop all:  
Loues sweets tast best, when we haue drunke downe Gall.

*Enter Maister Tiltyard, and his wife, Maister Goshawke, and  
Mistresse Openworke.*

Gods so, our friends; come, come, smoth your cheekes;  
After a storme the face of heauen looks sleeke.

*Maist. Tilt.* Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

*Mist. Tilt.* How dost thou sirra? why sister Gallipot?

*Mist. Open.* Lord how shee's chang'd?

*Gosh.* Is your wife ill sir?

*Maist. Gal.* Yes indeed la sir, very ill, very ill, neuer worse,

*Mist. Tilt.* How her head burnes, feele how her pulses work.

*Mist. Open.* Sister lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee  
good.

*Mist. Tilt.* In good sadnesse I finde best ease in that too,  
Has shee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

*Mist. Gal.* No, but I will lay something anon.

*Maist. Tilt.* Come, come fooles, you trouble her, shal's goe  
Maister Goshawke?

*Gosh.* Yes sweete Maister Tiltyard, sirra Rosamond I hold my  
life Gallipot hath vext his wife.

*Mist. Open.* Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.

*Gosh.* Wee shall haue your face painted with the same red  
soone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in  
a false alley; thou wilt not belecue me that his bowles run with  
a wrong byas.

*Mist. Open.* It cannot sinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon  
stale mutten abroad, hauing better and fresher at home.

*Gosh.* What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand  
at racke and manger?

*Mist. Open.* Ile saddle him in's kind, and spurre him till hee  
kicke againe.

*Gosh.* Shall thou and I ride our iourney then.

*Mist. Open.*

## The Roaring Girdle:

*Mist. Open.* Heere's my hand.

*Gosh.* No more; come Maister *Tilt-yard*, shall we leape into the stirrops with our women, and amble home?

*Maist. Tilt.* Yes, yes, come wife.

*Mist. Tilt.* Introth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

*Mist. Gal.* I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet Maister *Goshawke*.

*Maist. Gal.* Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome sir.

*Omnes* Thankes sir for our good cheere.

*Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.*

*Maist. Gal.* It shall be so, because a crafty knaue  
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore  
With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,  
I'll giue him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound:  
*Tush* *Præ* what's thirty pound? sweete ducke looke cheerely.  
*Mist. Gal.* Thou art worthy of my heart thou bui'st it deerely.

*Enter Laxton muffled.*

*Lax.* Vds light the tide's against me, a pox of your Pottierishp: oh for some glister to set him going; 'tis one of *Hercules* labours, to tread one of these Cittie hennies, because their cockes are stil crowing ouer them; there's no turning tale here, I must on.

*Mist. Gal.* Oh, husband see he comes.

*Maist. Gal.* Let me deale with him.

*Lax.* Blessè you sir.

*Maist. Gal.* Be you blest too sir if you come in peace.

*Lax.* Haue you any good pudding Tobacco sir?

*Mist. Gal.* Oh picke no quarrels gentle sir, my husband  
Is not a man of weapon, as you are,  
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concerning you.

*Lax.* Zounes has she showne my letters.

*Mist. Gal.* Suppose my case were yours, what would you do.  
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults,  
O' father, mother, kinred, to dissolue  
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him?

G

How

## A ne Roaring Girle.

How could you shift this storme off?

*Lax.* If I kuow hang me.

*Mist.Gal.* Besides a story of your death was read  
Each minnte to me.

*Lax.* What a pox meanes this ridling?

*Maist.Gal.* Be wise fir, let not you and I be tost  
On Lawiers pens; they haue sharpe nibs and draw  
Mens very heart bloud from them; what need you fir  
To beate the drumme of my wifes infamy,  
And call your friends together fir to prooue  
Your precontact, when sh'has confest it?

*Lax.* Vmh fir, --- has she confest it?

*Maist.Gal.* Sh'has 'faith to me fir, vpon your letter sending.

*Mist.Gal.* I haue, I haue.

*Lax.* If I let this yron coole call me slaue,  
Do you heare, you dame *Prudence*? think'st thou vile woman  
I'll take these blowes and winke?

*Mist.Gal.* Vpon my knees.

*Lax.* Out impudence.

*Maist.Gal.* Good fir.

*Lax.* You goatish slaues,  
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine?

*Maist.Gal.* Alas fir,  
You make her flesh to tremble, frighr her not,  
Shee shall do reason, and what's fit.

*Lax.* I'll haue thee, wert thou more common  
Then an hospitall, and more diseased. —

*Maist.Gal.* But one word good fir.

*Lax.* So fir.

*Maist.Gal.* I married her, haue line with her, and got  
Two children on her body, thinke but on that;  
Haue you so beggarly an appetite  
When I vpon a dainty dish haue fed  
To dine vpon my scraps, my leauings? ha fir?  
Do I come neere you uow fir?

*Lax.* Be Lady you touch me.

*Maist.Gal.* Would not you scorne to weare my cloathes fir?

*Lax.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Lax.* Right fir.

*Maist. Gal.* Then pray fir weare not her, for shee's a garment  
So fitting for my body, I me loath  
Another should put it on, you will vndoe both.  
Your letter (as shee said) complained you had spent  
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'le pay it;  
Shall that fir stop this gap vp twixt you two?

*Lax.* Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thanke you:  
The mony being paid fir, I am gon:  
Farewell, oh women happy's hee trusts none.

*Mist. Gall.* Dispatch him hence sweete husband.

*Maist. Gal.* Yes deere wife: pray fir come in, ere Maister  
Thou shalt in wine drinke to him, *(Laxton part*

*Exit Maister Gallipot and his wife.*

*Mist. Gal.* With all my heart; --- how dost thou like my wit?

*Lax.* Rarely, that wile  
By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,  
Did euer since, all womens bosomes fill;  
Y'are apple eaters all, deceiuers still. *Exit Laxton.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue: Sir Dany Dapper, Sir Adam  
Appleton, at one dore, and Trapdore at another doore.*

*Alex.* Out with your tale Sir *Dany*, to Sir *Adam*.  
A knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

*Sir Da.* Nay: if hee be a knaue fir, hold him fast.

*Alex.* Speake softly, what egge is there hatching now.

*Trap.* A Ducks egge fir, a ducke that has eaten a frog, I  
haue crackt the shell, and some villany or other will peep out  
presently; the ducke that sits is the bouncing Rampe (that  
Roaring Girle my Mistresse) the drake that must tread is your  
sonne *Sebastian*.

*Alex.* Be quicke.

*Trap.* As the tongue of an oister wench.

*Alex.* And see thy newes be true.

*Trap.* As a barbars euerie satterday night --- mad *Mol*.

*Alex.* Ah.

## The Roaring Girl.

*Trap.* Must be let in without knocking at your backe gate.

*Alex.* So.

*Trap.* Your chamber will be made bawdy.

*Alex.* Good.

*Trap.* Shee comes in a shirt of male.

*Alex.* How shirt of male?

*Trap.* Yes sir or a male shirt, that's to say in mans apparell.

*Alex.* To my sonne.

*Trap.* Close to your sonne : your sonne and her Moone will be in coniunction, if all Alminacks lie not, her blacke saueguard is turned into a deepe sloppe, the holes of her vpper body to button holes, her waistcoate to a dublet, her placket to the ancient seate of a codpice, and you shall take 'em both with standing collers.

*Alex.* Art sure of this?

*Trap.* As euery throng is sure of a pick-pocket, as sure as a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas* Tearme, and of the pox after the Tearme.

*Alex.* The time of their tilting?

*Trap.* Three.

*Alex.* The day?

*Trap.* This.

*Alex.* Away ply it, watch her.

*Trap.* As the diuell doth for the death of a baud, I'll watch her, do you catch her.

*Alex.* Shee's fast: heere weaue thou the nets; harke,

*Trap.* They are made. (maintain't.

*Alex.* I told them thou didst owe mee money; hold it vp:

*Trap.* Stiffly; as a Puritan does contention,  
Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfe penny halter.

*Alex.* Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.  
Vaiet I'll make thee looke through a grate.

*Trap.* I'll do't presently, through a Tauerne grate, drawer:  
pish. *Exit Trapdore*

*Al m.* Has the knaue vex't you sir?

*Alex.* Aske him my mony,  
He swears my sonne receiu'd it: oh that boy

Will

## The Roaring Girle.

Will nere leaue heaping sorrowes on my heare,  
Till he has broke it quite.

*Adam.* Is he still wild?

*Alex.* As is a ruffian Beare.

*Adam.* But he has left

His old haunt with that baggage.

*Alex.* Worse still and worse,

Helates on me his shame, I on him my curse.

*S. Dany.* My sonne *lacke Dapper* then shall run with him,  
All in one pasture.

*Adam.* Proues your sonne bad too fir?

*S. Dany.* As villany can make him: your *Sebastian*  
Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thousand,  
A noyse of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,  
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,  
Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke: oh,  
Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,  
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,  
(Beasts *Adam* nere gaue name to) these horse-leeches sucke  
My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on smoake.

*Alex.* Tobacco?

*S. Dany.* Right, but I haue in my braine  
A windmill going that shall grind to dust  
The follies of my soane, and make him wise,  
Or a starke foole: pray lend me your aduise.

*Born.* That shall you good fir *Dany*.

*S. Dany.* Heere's the sprindge  
I ha set to catch this woodcocke in: an action  
In a false name (vnknowne to him) is entred.  
Ith Counter to arrest *lacke Dapper*.

*Born.* Ha, ha, he.

*S. Dany.* Thinke you the Counter cannot breake him?

*Adam.* Breake him?

Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.

*S. Dany.* Ile make him sing a Counter tenor sure.

*Adam.* No way to tame him like it, there hee shall learne  
What mony is indeed, and how to spend it.

## The Roaring Girl.

*S. Dany.* Hee's bridled there.

*Alex.* I, yet knowes not how to mend it,  
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,  
Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere  
There for there wit then any where; a Counter  
Why 'tis an vniuersity, who not sees?  
As schollers there, so heere men take degrees,  
And follow the same studies (all alike.)  
Schollers learne first Logicke and Rhetoricke.  
So does a prisoner; with fine honied speech  
At's first comming in he doth perswade, beseech,  
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy;  
To lie in a cleane chamber, in sheets not lowfy,  
But when he has no money, then does he try,  
By subtile Logicke, and quaint sophistry,  
To make the keepers trust him.

*Adam.* Say they do.

*Alex.* Then hee's a graduate.

*S. Dany.* Say they trust him not,

*Alex.* Then is he held a freshman and a sot,  
And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd  
Be expulst from the Maisters side, toth' twopenny ward,  
Or else i'th hole, beg plac't.

*Adam.* When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

*Alex.* When mony being the theame,  
He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,  
And get out cleere, hee's then a Maister of Arts;  
Sir *Dany* send your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,  
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

*S. Dany.* There Gallants study hard.

*Alex.* True: to get mony.

*S. Dany.* 'lies bith' heeles i' faith, thankes, thankes, I ha sent  
For a couple of beares shall paw him.

*Enter Seriant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.*

*Adam.* Who comes yonder?

*S. Dany*

## The Roaring Girle.

*S. Dany.* They looke like puttocks, these should be they.

*Alex.* I know 'em, they are officers, fir wee'l leaue you.

*S. Dany.* My good knights.

Leaue me, you see I'me haunted now with spirits.

*Bot.* Fare you well fir.

*Exeunt Alex. and Adam,*

*Curt.* This old muzzle chops should be he

By the fellowes discription: Saue you fir.

*S. Dany.* Come hither you mad varlets, did not my man tell you I watcht here for you.

*Curt.* One in a blew coate fir told vs, that in this place an old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for euery wicked member in a Citty.

*S. Dany.* You'l watch then for ten thousand, what's thy name honesty?

*Curt.* Seriant *Curtilax* I fir.

*S. Dany.* An excellent name for a Seriant, *Curtilax*.

Seriants indeed are weapons of the law,

When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,

Should not you cut them; Cittizens were orethrowne,

Thou dwel'st hereby in Holborne *Curtilax*.

*Curt.* That's my circuit fir, I coniure most in that circle.

*S. Dany.* And what yong toward welp is this?

*Hang.* Of the same litter, his yeoman fir, my name's *Hanger*.

*S. Dany.* Yeoman *Hanger*.

One paire of sheeres sure cut out both your coates,

You haue two names most dangerous to mens throates,

You two are villanous loades on Gentlemens backs,

Deere ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

*Curt.* We are as other men are fir, I cannot see but hee who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his clawes can fasten to his liking, he drawes bloud; all that liue in the world, are but great fish and little fish, and feede vpon one another, some eate vp whole men, a Seriant cares but for the shoulder of a man, they call vs knaues and cures, but many times hee that sets vs on, worries more lambes one yeare, then we do in seuen.

*S. Dany.* Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the action entred?

*Hang.* His name is entred in the booke of vnbeleeuers.

*S. Dany.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*S. Dany.* What booke's that?

*Curt.* The booke where all prisoners names stand, and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, belecues to come out in haft.

*S. Da.* Be as dogged to him as your office allowes you to be.

*Both.* Oh fir.

*S. Dany.* You know the vnthrif *lacke Dapper.*

*Curt.* I, I, fir, that Gull? aswell as I know my yeoman.

*S. Dany.* And you know his father too, *Sir Dany Dapper?*

*Curt.* As damn'd a vsurer as euer was among Iewes; if hee were sure his fathers skinne would yeeld him any mouey, hee would when he dyes flea it off, and sell it to couer drummes for children at Bartholmew faire.

*S. Dany.* What toades are these to spit poyson on a man to his face? doe you see (my honest rascals?) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that *Tauerne lacke Dapper* will fally fa, fa; giue the counter, on, set vpon him.

*Both.* Wee'l charge him vppo'th backe fir.

*S. Dany.* Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerse your ground.

*Both.* Braue fir.

*S. Dany.* Cry arme, arme, arme.

*Both.* Thus fir.

*S. Dany.* There boy, there boy, away: looke to your prey my trew English wolues, and and so I vanish. *Exit S. Dany*

*Curt.* Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow vpon my life, stand close.

*Hang.* Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

*Curt.* No uooke thou yonder. *Enter Mol and Trapdore.*

*Mol.* Ralph.

*Trap.* What sayes my braue Captaine male and female?

*Mol.* This Holborne is such a wrangling streete,

*Trap.* That s because Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.

*Mol.* Heere's such iustling, as if euery one wee met were drunke and reel'd.

*Trap.* Stand Mist-esse do you not smell carrion?

*Mol.* Carryon? no, yet I spy raucens.

*Trap.*

## The Roaring Girl:

*Trap.* Some poore winde-shaken gallant will anon fall into fore labour, and these men-midwiues must bring him to bed i'the counter, there all those that are great with child with debts, 'lie in.

*Mol.* Stand vp.

*Trap.* Like your new maypoll.

*Hang.* Whist, whew.

*Curt.* Hump, no.

*Mol.* Peeping? it shall go hard huntsmen, but I'll spoyle your game, they looke for all the world like two infected malt-men comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a frosty morning to London.

*Trap.* A course, Captaine; a beare comes to the stake.

*Enter Iacke Dapper and Gul.*

*Mol.* It should bee so, for the dogges struggle to bee let loose.

*Hang.* Whew.

*Curt.* Hemp.

*Moll.* Harke *Trapdore*, follow your leader.

*Iacke Dap.* Gul.

*Gul.* Maister.

*Iacke Dap.* Did'st euer see such an asse as I am boy?

*Gul.* No by my troth sir, to loose all your mony, yet haue false dice of your owne, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow vsed t'other day, he had a faire sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

*Both.* Honest Serieant fly, flie Maister *Dapper* you'll be arrested else.

*Iacke Dap.* Run *Gul* and draw.

*Gul.* Run Maister, *Gull* followes you.

*Exit Dapper and Gull.*

*Curt.* I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

*Mol.* Whores then are like Serieants, so now hang you, draw rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'l keepe their beds, and recouer twenty markes damages.

*Curt.* You shall pay for this rescue, runne downe shoe-lane and meete him.

H

*Trap.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Trap.* Shu, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no?

*Mol.* Rescue? a pox on 'em, *Trapdore* let's away,  
I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,  
If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,  
Send but for *Mol*, she'll baile him by these hands.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue solus.*

*Alex.* Vnahppy in the follies of a sonne,  
Led against iudgement, sence, obedience,  
And all the powers of noblenesse and wit; *Enter Trapdore*  
Oh wretched father, now *Trapdore* will she come?

*Trap.* In mans apparell sir, I am in her heart now,  
And share in all her secrets.

*Alex.* Peace, peace, peacc.  
Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in sight,  
That I may see her hang in English for't.

*Trap.* I warrant you for that now, next Sessions rids her sir,  
This watch will bring her in better then a hundred constables.

*Alex.* Good *Trapdore* saist thou so, thou cheer'st my heart  
After a storme of sorrow, — my gold chaine too,  
Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.

*Trap.* That will do well to bring the watch to light sir.  
And worth a thousand of your Headborowes lanthornes.

*Alex.* Place that a'the Court cubbart, let it lie  
Full in the veiwe of her theefe-whoorish eie.

*Trap.* Shee cannot misse it sir, I see't so plaine, that I could  
steal't my selfe.

*Alex.* Perhaps thou shalt too,  
That or something as weighty; what shee leaues,  
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,  
And all the weight vpon her backe I'll lay.

*Trap.* You cannot assure that sir.

*Alex.* No, what lets it?

*Trap.* Being a stout girle, perhaps shee'l desire pressing,  
Then all the weight must ly vpon her belly.

*Alex.* Belly or backe I care not so I'ue one.

*Trap.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Trap.* You'r of my minde for that fir.

*Alex.* Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond at it,  
It may be shee'l like that best.

*Trap.* It's well for her, that shee must haue her choice, hee  
thinke nothing too good for her, if you hold on this minde  
a little longer, it shall bee the first worke I doe to turne theefe  
my selfe; would do a man good to be hang'd when he is so wel  
prouided for.

*Alex.* So, well sayd; all haugs well, would shee hung so too,  
The sight would please me more, then all their gilsterings:  
Oh that my mysteries to such streights should runne,  
That I must rob my selfe to blesse my sonne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitz-Allard like a page, and Mol.*

*Seb.* Thou hast done me a kind office, without touch  
Either of sinne or shame, our loues are honest.

*Mol.* I'de scorne to make such shift to bring you together else.

*Seb.* Now haue I time and opportunity  
Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. *Kisse.*

*Mary.* Neuer with more desire and harder venture.

*Mol.* How strange this shewes one man to kisse another.

*Seb.* I'de kisse such men to chuse *Moll*,  
Me thinkes a womans lip tastes well in a dublet.

*Mol.* Many an old madam has the better fortune then,  
Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,  
If that will help 'em, as you thinke 't will do,  
They'l learne in time to plucke on the hose too.

*Seb.* The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I speake seriously,  
As some haue a conceit their drinke tastes better  
In an outlandish cup then in our owne,  
So me thinkes euery kisse she giues me now  
In this strange forme, is worth a paire of two,  
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eie  
Of all suspicion, this is my fathets chamber,  
Vpon which floore he neuer steps till night.  
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his comming,

## The Roaring Girle.

At mine owne chamber he still pries vnto me,  
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,  
Still checkt and curb'd, here he shall misse his purpose.

*Mol.* And what's your businesse now, you haue your mind fir;  
At your great suite I promised you to come,  
I pittied her for names sake, that a *Moll*  
Should be so crost in loue, when there's so many,  
That owes nine layes a peece, and not so little:  
My taylor fitted her, how like you his worke?

*Seb.* So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpose,  
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,  
And must liue still beholding.

*Mol.* Any honest pittie  
I'me willing to bestow vpon poore Ring-doues.

*Seb.* I'll offer no worse play.

*Moll.* Nay and you should fir,  
I should draw first and prooue the quicker man,

*Seb.* Hold, there shall neede no weapon at this meeting,  
But cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,  
Heere take this viall, runne ypon the guts,  
And end thy quarrell singing.

*Mol.* Like a swan aboue bridge,  
For looke you heer's the bridge, and heere am I.

*Seb.* Hold on sweete *Mol.*

*Mary.* I've heard her much commended fir, for one that  
was nere taught.

*Mol.* I'me much beholding to 'em, well since you'l needes  
put vs together fir, I'll play my part as wel as I can: it shall nere  
be said I came into a Gentlemans chamber, and let his instru-  
ment hang by the walls.

*Seb.* Why well said *Mol* i' faith, it had bene a shame for that  
Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung still, and nere  
offred thee it.

*Mol.* There it should haue bene stil then for *Mol*, for though  
the world iudge impudently of mee, I nere came into that  
chamber yet, where I tooke downe the instrument my selfe.

*Seb.* Pish let 'em prate abroad, th'art heere where thou art  
knowne

## The Roaring Girle.

knowne and lou'd, there be a thousand close dames that wil cal the viall an vnmanerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talke broadly of thee, when you shall haue them sit wider to a worse quality.

*Mol.* Push, I euer fall a sleepe and thinke not of 'em fir, and thus I dreame.

*Seb.* Prithee let's heare thy dreame *Mol.*

*Mol.* *I dreame there is a Mistresse,  
And she layes out the money,  
Shee goes vnto her Sisters,  
Shee neuer comes at any.*

The song.

Enter Sir *Alexander* behind them  
*Shee sayes shee went to 'sh Burse for patternes,  
You shall finde her at Saint Katherns,  
And comes home with neuer a penny.*

*Seb.* That's a free Mistresse' faith.

*Alex.* I, I, I, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosing.

*Mol.* Bnt shall I dreame againe?

*Here comes a wench will braue ye,  
Her courage was so great,  
Shee lay with one o' the Navy,  
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.  
Yet oft with him shee canel'd,  
I wonder what shee ailes,  
Her husbands ship lay granel'd,  
When her's could boyse vp sailes,  
Yet shee beganne like all my foes,  
To call whoore first: for so do those;  
A pox of all false tayles.*

*Seb.* Marry amen say I.

*Alex.* So say I too.

*Mol.* Hang vp the viall now fir: all this while I was in a dreame, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keepe my legges together; a watch, what's a clocke here.

*Alex.* Now, now, shee's trapt.

H 3

*Mol*

## The Roaring Girl.

*Moll.* Betweene one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musitian are cossen Germanes in one thing, they must both keepe time well, or there's no goodnesse in 'em, the one else deserues to be dasht against a wall, and tother to haue his braines knockt out with a fiddle case, what? a loose chaine and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now,  
There's many a younger brother would be glad  
To looke twice in at a window for't,

And wriggle in and out, like an eele in a sandbag,  
Oh if mens secret youthfull faults should iudge 'em,  
'Twould be the general'st execution,

That ere was seene in England; there would bee but few left to  
sing the ballets. there would be so much worke: most of our  
brokers would be chosen for hangmen, a good day for them:  
they might renew their wardrops of free cost then.

*Seb.* This is the roaring wench must do vs good.

*Mary.* No poyson fir but serues vs for some vse, which is  
confirm'd in her.

*Seb.* Peace, peace, foot I did here him sure, where ere he be.

*Mol.* Who did you heare?

*Seb.* My father, 'twas like a fight of his, I must be wary,

*Alex.* No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched  
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plundge for't.

*Seb.* Life, heere he comes, --- fir I beseech you take it,  
Your way of teaching does so much content me,  
I'll make it foure pound, here's forty shillings fir.  
I thinke I name it right: helpe me good *Mol*,  
Forty in hand.

*Mol.* Sir you shall pardon me,  
I haue more of the meanest scholler I can teach,  
This paies me more, then you haue offred yet.

*Seb.* At the next quarter  
When I receiue the meanes my father'lowes me.  
You shall haue tother forty,

*Alex.* This were well now,  
Wer't to a man, whose sorrowes had blind eies,

But

## The Roaring Girle.

But mine behold his follies and vntruthes,  
With two cleere glasses — how now?

*Seb.* Sir.

*Alex.* What's he there?

*Seb.* You'r come in good time sir, I'ue a suite to you,  
I'de craue your present kindnesse.

*Alex.* What is he there?

*Seb.* A Gentleman, a musitian sir, one of excellent fingring.

*Alex.* I, I thiuke so, I wonder how they scapt her.

*Seb.* Has the most delicate stroake sir,

*Alex.* A stroake indeed, I feele it at my heart,

*Seb.* Puts downe all your famous musitians.

*Alex.* I, a whoore may put downe a hundred of 'em.

*Seb.* Forty shillings is the agrement sir betweene vs,  
Now sir, my present meanes, mounts but to halfe on't.

*Alex.* And he stands vpon the whole.

*Seb.* I indeed does he sir.

*Alex.* And will doe still, hee'l nere be in other taile,

*Seb.* Therefore I'de stop his mouth sir, and I could,

*Alex.* Hum true, there is no other way indeed,  
His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.  
Now sir I vnderstand you professe musique.

*Mol.* I am a poore seruant to that liberall science sir.

*Alex.* Where is it you teach?

*Mol.* Right against Cliffords Inne.

*Alex.* Hum that's a fit place for it: you haue many schollers.

*Mol.* And some of worth, whom I may call my maisters.

*Alex.* I true, a company of whooremaisters; you teach to  
sing too?

*Mol.* Marry do I sir.

*Alex.* I thinke you'l finde an apt scholler of my sonne, es-  
pecially for pricke-song.

*Mol.* I haue much hope of him.

*Alex.* I am sory for't, I haue the lesse for that: you can play  
any lesson.

*Mol.* At first sight sir.

*Alex.* There's a thing called the witch, can you play that?

*Mol.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Mol.* I would be fory any one should mend me in't.

*Alex.* I, I beleeue thee, thou hast so bewicht my sonne,  
No care will mend the worke that thou hast done,  
I haue bethought my selfe since my art failes,  
I'll make her pollicy the Art to trap her.  
Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them  
Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will giue her,  
These will I make induction to her ruine,  
And rid shame from my house, grieve from my heart  
Here sonne, in what you take content and pleasure,  
Want shall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman  
His latter halfe in gold.

*Seb.* I thanke you sir.

*Alex.* Oh may the operation an't, end three,  
In her, life: shame, in him; and grieve, in mee. *Exit Alexander.*

*Seb.* Faith thou shalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers guift,  
Neuer was man beguild with better shift.

*Mol.* Hee that can take mee for a male musitian,  
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,  
And play vpon him.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mistresse Gallipot, and Mistresse Openworke.*

*Mi. Gal.* Is then that bird of yours (Maister Goshawke) so wild?

*Mist. Open.* A Goshawke, a Puttocke; all for prey: he angles  
for fish, but he loues flesh better.

*Mist. Gal.* Is't possible his smoth face should haue wrinc-  
kles in't, and we not see them?

*Mist. Open.* Possible? why haue not many handsome legges  
in filke stockins villanous splay feete for all their great roses?

*Mist. Gal.* Troth sirra thou saist true.

*Mist. Op.* Didst neuer see an archer (as tho'ast walkt by Bun-  
hill) looke a squint when he drew his bow?

*Mist. Gal.* Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward Isling-  
ton, his eyes haue shot cleane contrary towards Pimlico.

*Mist. Open.* For all the world so does Maister Goshawke dou-  
ble with me.

*Mist. Gal.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Mist. Gal.* Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's not for me.

*Mist. Open.* Because *Goshawke* goes in a shag-ruffe band, with a face sticking vp in't, which shoves like an agget set in a crampe ring, he thinkes I'm in loue with him.

*Mist. Gal.* 'Las I thinke he takes his marke amisse in thee.

*Mist. Open.* He has by often beating into me made mee beleue that my husband kept a whore.

*Mist. Gal.* Very good.

*Mist. Open.* Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at *Brainford*, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.

*Mist. Gal.* That were wholesome.

*Mist. Open.* I beleeu'd it, fell a swearing at him, curssing of harlots, made me ready to hoys vp saile, and be there as soone as hee.

*Mist. Gal.* So, so.

*Mist. Open.* And for that voyage *Goshawke* comes hither incontinently, but firra this water-spaniell diues after no ducke but me, his hope is hauing mee at *Braineferd* to make mee cry quack.

*Mist. Gall.* Art sure of it?

*Mist. Open.* Sure of it? my poore innocent *Openworke* came in as I was poking my ruffe, presently hit I him i'the teeth with the three pidgions: he forswore all, I vp and opened all, and now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit *Goshawke* i'the eie, when he comes to fetch me to the boate.

*Mist. Gal.* Such another lame Gelding offered to carry mee through thicke and thinne, (*Laxton* firra) but I am ridd of him now.

*Mist. Open.* Happy is the woman can bee ridde of 'em all; 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly man for man.

*Mist. Gall.* Troth meere shallow things.

*Mist. Open.* Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let 'em run ouer vs neuer so fast, we shop-keepers (when all's done) are sure to haue 'em in our pursnets at length, and when they are in, Lord what simple animalls they are.

I

*Mist. Open.*

## The Roaring Girl.

*Mist. Open.* Then they hang head.

*Mist. Gal.* Then they droupe.

*Mist. Open.* Then they write letters.

*Mist. Gal.* Then they cogge.

*Mist. Open.* Then they deale vnder hand with vs, and wee must ingle with our husbands a bed, and wee must sweare they are our cosens, and able to do vs a pleasure at Court.

*Mist. Gal.* And yet when wee haue done our best, al's but put into a riuen dish, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

*Mist. Open.* Oh if it were the good Lords will, there were a law made, no Cittizen should trust any of 'em all.

*Enter Gosshawke.*

*Mist. Gal.* Hush sirra, *Gosshawke* flutters.

*Gosb.* How now, are you ready?

*Mist. Open.* Nay are you ready? a little thing you see makes vs ready.

*Gosb.* Vs? whā, must shee make one i' the voiage?

*Mist. Open.* Oh by any meanes, do I know how my husband will handle mee?

*Gosb.* Foot, how shall I find water, to keepe these two mils going? Well since you'l needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I sayle not with you both till all split, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee; it's but llickering them both soundly, & then you shall see their corke heeles flie vp high, like two swannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgions: come, come, oares stand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh *Salmon* at *Brainford*.

*Mist. Gal.* I belecue you'l eate of a coddess head of your owne dressing, before you reach halfe way thither.

*Gosb.* So, so, follow close, pin as you go.

*Enter Laxton muffled.*

*Lax.* Do you heare?

*Mist. Gal.* Yes, I thanke my eares.

*Lax.* I must haue a bout with your Poticariship,

*Mist. Gal.* At what weapon?

*Lax.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Lax.* I must speake with you. *Mist.Gal.* No.

*Lax.* No? you shall.

*Mist.Gal.* Shall? away soust Sturgion, halfe fish, halfe flesh.

*Lax.* 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'll cut your tayle pusc-  
cat for this,

*Mist.Gal.* 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinke thy tayle's cut already:  
your worst;

*Lax.* If I do not, ————

*Exit Laxton.*

*Gosh.* Come, ha' you done? *Enter Maister Openworke.*  
*Sfoote Rosamond*, your husband. welcome,

*Maist.Open.* How now? sweete Maist. *Goshawke*, none more  
I haue wanted your embracements: when friends meete,  
The musique of the spheares sounds not more sweete,  
Then does their conferenc: who is this? *Rosamond*:  
Wife: how now sifter?

*Gosh.* Silence if you loue mee.

*Maist.Open.* Why maskt?

*Mist.Open.* Does a maske grieue you sir?

*Maist.Open.* It does.

*Mist.Open.* Then y'are best get you a mumming.

*Gosh.* S'foote you'll spoyle all.

*Mist.Gall.* May not wee couer our bare faces with maskes  
As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?

*Ma.Op.* No maskes, why, th'are the cues to beauty, that rob  
Of admiration in which true loue lies, (eies  
Why are maskes worne? why good? or why desired?  
Vnlesse by their gay couers wits are fiered  
To read the vild'st lookes; many bad faces,  
(Because rich gemmes are treasured vp in cases)  
Passe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues  
Dambe misers Gold, so maskes are beauties graues,  
Men nere meete women with such muffled eies,  
But they curse her, that first did maskes deuise,  
And sweare it was somebeldame. Come off with't.

*Mist.Open.* I will not.

*Maist.Open.* Good faces maskt are Jewels kept by spirits.  
Hide none but bad ones, for they poyson mens sights,

## The Roaring Girdle.

Show then as shop-keepers do their broidred stuffe,  
(By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,  
Prithee (sweete Rose) come strike this sayle.

*Mist. Open.* Saile?

(eyes:

*Mist. Op.* Ha? yes wife strike saile, for stormes are in thine

*Mist. Open.* Th'are here sir in my browes if any rise.

*Mist. Open.* Ha browes? (what sayes she friend) pray tel me  
Your two flagges were aduaunst; the Comedy, (why  
Come what's the Comedy?

*Mist. Open.* Westward hoe.

*Mist. Open.* How?

*Mist. Open.* 'Tis Westward hoe shee saies.

*Gosh.* Are you both madde?

*Mist. Open.* Is't Market day at *Brainesford*, and your ware not  
sent vp yet?

*Mist. Open.* What market day? what ware?

*Mist. Open.* Apy with three pidgions in't, 'tis drawne and  
staies your cutting vp.

*Gosh.* As you regard my credit.

*Mist. Open.* Art madde?

*Mist. Open.* Yes lecherous goate; Baboone.

*Mist. Open.* Baboone? then tosse mee in a blancket,

*Mist. Open.* Do I it well? *Mist. Gall.* Rarely.

*Gosh.* Belike sir shee's not well; best leaue her.

*Mist. Open.* No,

I'll stand the storme now how fierce so ere it blow.

*Mist. Open.* Did I for this loose all my friends? refuse  
Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made  
A stale to a common whore?

*Mist. Open.* This does amaze mee.

*Mist. Open.* Oh God, oh God, feede at reuerfion now?  
A Strumpets leauing? *Mist. Open.* Rosamond,

*Gosh.* I sweate, wo'ld I lay in cold harbour.

*Mist. Open.* Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers through  
my heart.

*Mist. Open.* Not I by heauen sweete wife.

(thee

*Mist. Open.* Go diuel go; that which thou swear'st by, damnes

*Gosh.*

## The Roaring Girle:

*Gosh.* S'heart will you vnde mee?

*Mist.Open.* Why stay you heere? the starre, by which you saile, shines yonder aboue *Chely*; you loose your shore if this moone light you: seeke out your light whore,

*Maist.Open.* Ha?

*Mist.Gal.* Push; your Westernne png.

*Gosh.* Zounds now hell roares.

*Mist.Open.* With whom you tilted in a paire of oares, this very morning.

*Maist.Open.* Oares? *Mist.Open.* At *Brainford* sir.

*Maist.Open.* Racke not my patieuce: Maister *Goshawke*, some slaue has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in *Brainford* with a woman? 'tis a lie: What old baud tels thee this? S'death 'tis a lie.

*Mist.Open.* 'Tis one to thy face shall iustify all that I speake.

*Maist.Open.* Vd' soule do but name that rascall.

*Mist.Open.* No sir I will not.

*Gosh.* Keepe thee there girle: — then!

*Mist.Open.* Sister know you this varlet? *Mist.Gal.* Yes.

*Maist.Open.* Swear true,

Is there a rogue so low damn'd? a second *Iudas*? a common hangman? cutting a mans throate? does it to his face? bite mee behind my backe? a cur dog? swear if you know this hell-hound.

*Mist.Gal.* In truth I do,

*Maist.Open.* His name?

*Mist.Gal.* Not for the world;

To haue you to stab him.

*Gosh.* Oh braue girles: worth Gold.

*Maist.Open.* A word honest maister *Goshawke*.

*Draw out his sword*

*Gosh.* What do you meane sir?

*Maist.Open.* Keepe off, and if the diuell can giue a name to this new fury, holla it through my eare, or wrap it vp in some hid character: I'll ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine cies, but I'll heare the brazen head speak: or else shew me but one haire of his head or beard, that I may sample it; if the fiend I meet (in myne owne house) I'll kill him: — the streete.

## The Roaring Girle.

Or at the Church dore : --- there -- (cause he seekes to vnty  
The knor God fastens) he deserues most to dy.

*Mist. Open.* My husband titles him.

*Maist. Open.* Maister *Goshawke*, pray sir  
Sweare to me, that you know him or know hiw not, (wiues,  
Who makes me at *Brainford* to take vp a peticote beside my  
*Gosh.* By heauen that man I know not.

*Mist. Open.* Come, come, you lie.

*Gosh.* Will you not haue all our?

By heauen I know no man beneath the moon  
Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,  
I'de print it in text letters.

*Mist. Open.* Print thine owne then,  
Didst not thou sweare to me he kept his whoore?

*Mist. Gal.* And that in sinfull *Brainford* they would commit  
That which our lips did water at sir, -- ha?

*Mist. Open.* Thou spider, that hast wouen thy cunning web  
In mine owne house t'insnare me : hast not thou  
Suck't nourishment euen vnderneath this roofe,  
And turned it all to poyson? spittiug it,  
On thy friends face (my husband?) he as t'were sleeping:  
Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,  
That they might glance on thee.

*Mist. Gal.* Speake, are these lies?

*Gosh.* Mine owne shame me confounds:

*Mist. Open.* No more, hee's stung;  
Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell  
Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)  
Goodnesse I see is but outside, wee all set,  
In rings of Gold, stones that be counterfet:  
I thought you none,

*Gosh.* Pardon mee.

*Maist. Open.* Truth I doe.

This blemish growes in nature not in you,  
For mans creation sticke euen moles in scorne  
On fairest cheeks, wile nothing is perfect borne.

*Mist. Open.* I thought you had bene borne perfect.

*Maist. Open.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Maiſt. Open.* What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?  
For at the heart lies the old chore ſtill.

I'll tell you Maſter *Gofhawke*, I in your eie  
I haue ſeene wanton fire, and then to try  
The ſoundneſſe of my iudgement, I told you  
I kept a whoore, made you belecue 'twas true,  
Onely to feele how your pulse beate, but find,  
The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.  
Come, come, a tricke of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,  
This rub put by, our loue ſhall runne more euen.

*Miſt. Open.* You'l deale vpon mens wiues no more?

*Gofh.* No: ---- you teach me a tricke for that.

*Miſt. Open.* Troth do not, they'l o're-reach thee.

*Mai. Open.* Make my houſe yours fir ſtill.

*Gofh.* No.

*Maiſt. Open.* I ſay you ſhall:  
Seeing (thus beſieg'd) it holds out, 'twill neuer fall.

*Enter Maſter Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Somner,*  
*Laxton muffled a looſe off.*

*Omnes* How now?

*Maiſt. Gall.* With mee fir?

*Greene.* You fir? I haue gon ſnaffling vp and downe by your  
dore this houre to watch for you.

*Miſt. Gall.* What's the matter husband?

*Greene.* ---- I haue caught a cold in my head fir, by ſitting vp  
late in the roſe tauerne, but I hope you vnderſtand my ſpeech.

*Maiſt. Gal.* So fir.

*Greene.* I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and  
you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Craſtino*,  
doe you ſee, *Craſtino ſancti Dunſtani* (this *Eaſter Tearme*) in  
Bow Church.

*Maiſt. Gall.* Where fir? what ſaies he?

*Greene.* Bow: Bow Church, to anſwere to a libel of precon-  
tract on the part and behalfe of the ſaid *Prudence* and another;  
y'are beſt fir take a copping of the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

*Omnes*

## The Roaring Girle,

*Omnes* A Citation?

*Maist. Gal.* You pocky-nosed rascall, what slaue fees you to this?

*Lax.* Slaue? I ha nothing to do with you, doe you heare sir?

*Gob.* *Laxton* ist not? --- what fagary is this?

*Maist. Gal.* Trust me I thought sir this storme long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remembred) I paid you the last fiftene pound, besides the thirty you had first, --- for then you swore.

*Lax.* Tush, tush sir, oathes,  
Truth yet I'me loth to vex you, -- tell you what;  
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,  
And take your belly full of her.

*Maist. Gall.* An hundred pound?

*Mist. Gal.* What a 100 pound? he gets none: what a 100 pound?

*Maist. Gal.* Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman offers thus,  
If I will make the monyes that are past  
A 100 pound, he will discharge all courts,  
And giue his bond neuer to vex vs more.

*Mist. Gal.* A 100 pound? 'Las; take sir but threescore,  
Doyou seeke my vndoing?

*Lax.* I'll not bate one sixpence, --- I'll mall you pusse for spitting.

*Mist. Gal.* Do thy worst,  
Will fourescore stop thy mouth?

*Lax.* No.

*Mist. Gal.* Y'are a slaue,  
Thou Cheate, I'll now teare mony from thy throat,  
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

*Greene.* Nay Gentlemen, seeing your woemen are so hote, I must loose my haire in their company I see.

*Mist. Ope.* His haire sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.

*Gob.* He has had the better Chirurgion, Maister *Greenewit*, is your wit so raw as to play no better a part then a Somners?

*Mist. Gal.* I pray who playes a knacke to know an honest man in this company?

*Mist. Gal.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Mist.Gall.* Deere husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,  
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,  
When letters came from him for thirty pound,  
I had no shift but that.

*Mist.Gal.* A very cleane shift : but able to make mee  
lowfy, On.

*Mist.Gal.* Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted mee to  
thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him  
flie more lofty. *Mist.Gall.* A'the top of you wife: on.

*Mist.Gal.* He hauing wasted them, comes now for more,  
Vsing me as a ruffian doth his whore,  
Whose sinne keeps him in breath: by heauen I vow,  
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd, more then he does now.

*Mist.Gal.* My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a shop-boord will  
serue to haue a cuckolds coate cut out vpon: of that wee'l  
talke hercafter: y'are a villaine:

*Lax.* Heare mee but speake sir, you shall finde mee none.

*Omnes* Pray sir, be patient and heare him.

*Mist.Gal.* I am muzzled for biting sir, vse me how you will.

*Lax.* The first howre that your wife was in my eye,  
My selfe with other Gentlemen sitting by,  
(In your shop) tasting smoake, and speech beng vsed,  
That men who haue fairest wiues are most abused,  
And hardly scapt the horne, your wife maintain'd  
That onely such spots in Citty dames were stain'd,  
Iustly, but by mens slanders: for her owne part,  
Shee vow'd that you had so much of her heart;  
No man by all his wit, by any wile,  
Neuer so fine spunne, should your selfe beguile,  
Of what in her was yours.

*Mist.Gal.* Yet 'Pris tis well: play out your game at Irish  
fir: Who winnes?

*Mist.Open.* The triall is when shee comes to bearing:

*Lax.* I scorn'd one woman, thus, should braue all men,  
And (which more vext me) a shee-citizen.  
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,  
Gau many a braue repulse, and me compel'd

K

With

## The Roaring Girl.

With shame to sound retrait to my hot lust,  
 Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,  
 And that to tempt her modest eares, I swore  
 Nere to prsume againe: she said, her eie  
 Would euer giue me welcome honestly,  
 And (since I was a Gentlman) if it runne low,  
 Shee would my state relieue, not to o'rethrow  
 Your owne and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought  
 Vpon her meekenesse, mee she set at nought,  
 And yet to try if I could turne that tide,  
 You see what streame I stroue with, but sir I sweare  
 By heauen, and by those hopes men lay vp there,  
 I neither haue, nor had a base intent  
 To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment:  
 Your Gold I pay backe with this interest,  
 When I had most power to do't I wroug'd you least.

*Maist. Gal.* If this no gullery be sir,

*Omnes* No, no, on my life,

*Maist. Gal.* Then sir I am beholden (not to you wife)  
 But Maister *Laxton* to your want of doing ill,  
 Which it seemes you haue not Gentlemen,  
 Tarry and dine here all.

*Maist. Open.* Brother, we haue a iest,  
 As good as yours to furnish out a feast.

*Maist. Gal.* Wee'l crowne our table with it: wife brag no more,  
 Of holding out: who most brags is most whore. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Iacke Dapper, Moll, Sir Beautious Ganymed,  
 and Sir Thomas Long.*

*Iacke Dap.* But prethee Maister Captaine *Iacke* be plaine and  
 perspicuous with mee; was it your *Megge* of Westminster  
 courage, that rescued mee from the Poultry puttockes indeed.

*Mol.* The valour of my wit I ensure you sir fetcht you off  
 brauely, when you werre i'the forlorne hope among those  
 desperates, Sir *Beautious Ganymed* here, and sir *Thomas Long*  
 heard that cuckoe (my man *Trapdore*) sing the note of your  
 ranfome

## The Roaring Girle.

ransome from captiuty.

*Sir Bewt.* Vds so *Mol*, where's that *Trapdore*?

*Mol.* Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Iustice in this towne, (that speakes nothing but make a *Mittimus* a way with him to Newgate) vsed that rogue like a fire-work to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

*Omnes* how, how?

*Mol.* Marry to lay traines of villany to blow vp my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what linstocke gaue fire to shoote against the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyst, & away slid I my man, like a shouell-board shilling, hee stroutes vp and downe the suburbes I thinke: and eates vp whores: feedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

*T. Long.* Sirra lacke *Dapper*.

*Iac, Dap.* What sai'st *Tom Long*?

*T. Long.* Thou hadst a sweet fac't boy halfe fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he spent?

*Iack. Dap.* Troth I whistled the poore little buzzard of a my fist, because when hee wayted vpon mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i'the teeth still, and said I lookt like a painted Aldermans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head, Sirra lacke, *Mol*.

*Mol.* What saies my little *Dapper*?

*Sir Bewt.* Come, come, walke and talke, walke and talke.

*Iack. Dap.* *Mol* and I'll be i'the midst.

*Mol.* These Knights shall haue squiers places belike then: well *Dapper* what say y ou?

*Iack. Dap.* Sirra Captaine mad *Mary*, the gull my owne father (*Dapper*) *Sir Daui*) laid these London boote-halers the catch poles in ambush to set vpon mee.

*Omnes* Your father? away lacke.

*Iack. Dap.* By the tassels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlicke stratageme thinke you? hee thought because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowfy prifon could make an asse of mee.

*Omnes* A nasty plot.

*Iack. Dap.* I: as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which

## The Roaring Girle.

all the wilde beasts of the Citty run head by head could tame mee.

*Enter the Lord Noland.*

*Moll.* Yonder comes my Lord *Noland*.

*Omnes* Saue you my Lord.

*L. Nol.* Well met Gentlemen all, good *Sir Bewtious Gany-med*, *Sir Thomas Long?*, and how does Maister *Dapper?*

*Iack. Dap.* Thankes my Lord.

*Mol.* No Tobacco my Lord?

*L. Nol.* No faith *Iacke*.

*Iack. Dap.* My Lord *Noland* will you goe to Pimlico with vs? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes

*L. Nol.* Heeres such a merry'ging, I could find in my heart to faile to the worlds end with such company, come Gentlemen let's on.

*Iack. Dap.* Here's most amorous weather my Lord.

*Omnes* Amorous weather.

*I hey walke.*

*Iac. Dap.* Is not amorous a good word?

*Enter Trapdore like a poore Souldier with a patch o're one cie, and Teare-Cat with him, all tatters.*

*Trap.* Shall we set vpon the infantry, these troopes of foot? Zounds yonder comes *Mol* my whoorish Maister & Miftresse, wo ld I had her kidneys betweene my teeth.

*Teare-Cat.* I had rather haue a cow heele.

*Trap.* Zounds I am so patcht yp, she cannot discouer mee: wee'l on.

*T. Cat.* Alla corago then.

*Trap.* Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the eares of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe, penetrate your pittiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of siluer, as may giue a hard strawbed iodging to a couple of maim'd souldiers.

*Iacke Dap.* Where are you maim'd?

*T. Cat*

## The Roaring Girle:

*T. Cat.* In both our neather limbs.

*Mol.* Come, come, *Dapper*, lets giue 'em something, las poore men, what mony haue you? by my troth I loue a souldier with my soule.

*Sir Bewt.* Stay, stay, where haue you seru'd?

*T. Long.* In any part of the Low countries?

*Trap.* Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood, but in *Hungarie* against the *Turke* at the sledge of *Belgrad*.

*L. Nol.* Who seru'd there with you sirra?

*Trap.* Many *Hungarians*, *Moldauians*, *Valashians*, and *Transiluanians*, with some *Sclauonians*, and retyring home fir, the *Venetian* Gallies tooke vs prisoners, yet free'd vs, and suffered vs to beg vp and downe the country.

*Jack. Dap.* You haue ambled all ouer *Italy* then.

*Trap.* Oh fir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Vecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*, *Bolonia*, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tuscania*, with all her Cities, as *Pistoia*, *Valterria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siennois*, and diuerse others.

*Mol.* Meere rogues, put spurres to 'em once more.

*Jack. Dap.* Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speak'st English, What art thou?

*T. Cat.* Ick mine Here. Ick bin den ruffling Teare Cat,  
Den, bzaue Soldade, Ick bin dozick all Dutchlant.  
Guerefen: Der Shellum das meere Ine Weasa  
Ine woert gaeb.  
Ick slaag bin stroakes ou tom Cop:  
Dastick Den hundred touzun Diuell halle,  
Frollick miue Here.

*Sir Bewt.* Here, here, let's berid of their iobbering,

*Moll.* Not a crosse *Sir Bewtions*, you base rogues, I haue taken measure of you, better then a taylor can, and I'll fit you, as you (monster with one eie) haue fitted mee,

*Trap.* Your Worship will not abuse a souldier.

## The Roaring Girle.

*Moll.* Souldier? thou deseru'st to bee hang'd vp by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession, souldier you skeldering varlet? hold, stand, there should be a trapdore here abouts.

*Pull off his patch*

*Trap.* The balles of these glasier of mine (mine eyes) shall be shot vp and downe in any hot peece of seruice for my inuincible Mistresse.

*Iacke Dap.* I did not thinke there had bene such knauery in blacke patches as now I see.

*Mol.* Oh sir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite like a Mastiue, as hee finds occasion.

*L. Nol.* What are you sirra? a bird of this feather too.

*T. Cat.* A man beaten from the wars sir.

*T. Long.* I thinke so, for you neuer stood to fight.

*Iac. Dap.* What's thy name fellow souldier?

*T. Cat.* I am cal'd by those that haue seen my valour, *Tear-Cat.*  
*Omnes* Teare-Cat?

*Moll.* A meere whip-Iacke, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a slaue, that can talke of sea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, discover more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English euer found out, yet indeed all his seruice is by land, and that is to rob a Faire, or some such venturous exploit; *Teare-Cat*, foot sirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of horners, hornes for the thumbe, you know how.

*T. Cat.* No indeed Captaine *Mol* (for I know you by sight) I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer vpon the pad I confesse, and meeting with honest *Trapdore* here, whom you had cashier'd from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I instructed him in the rudements of roguery, and by my map made him saile ouer any Country you can name, so that now he can maunder better then my selfe.

*Iack. Dap.* So then *Trapdore* thou art turn'd souldier now.

*Trap.* Alas sir, now there's no warres, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

*Mol.* I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you  
sirra

## The Roaring Girle.

*Sirra* are an vpright man.

*Trap.* As any walkes the hygh way I assure you.

*Mol.* And *Teare-Cat* what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

*T.Cat.* Brother to this vpright man, flesh and bloud, ruffling *Teare-Cat* is my name, and a ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession.

*Mol.* *Sirra* where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

*Omnes Doxy Mol.* what's that?

*Mol.* His wench.

*Trap.* My doxy I haue by the *Salomon* a doxy, that carries a kitchen mort in her flat at her backe, besides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'll tumble this next dark-mans in the strommel, and drinke ben baufe, and eate a fat gruntling cheate, a cackling cheate, and a quacking cheate.

*Iack Dap.* Here's old cheating.

*Trap.* My doxy stayeres for me in a bousing ken, braue Capitaine.

*Mol.* Hee sayes his wench staies for him in an alehouse: you are no pure rogues.

*T.Cat.* Pure rogues? no, wee scorne to be pure rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling ken, you shall finde neither him nor mee, a quire cussin.

*Mol.* So sir, no churle of you.

*T.Cat.* No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry cussin.

*L.Nol.* Call you this canting?

*Iack Dap.* Zounds, I'll giue a schoolemaister halfe a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

*Trap.* Do but strowle sir, halfe a haruest with vs sir, and you shall gabble your belly-full.

*Mol.* Come you rogue cant with me.

*T.Lang.* Well sayd *Mol*, cant with her *sirra*, and you shall haue mony, else not a penny.

*Trap.* I'll haue a bout if she please.

*Mol.* Come on *sirra*.

*Trap.* Ben mort, shall you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken or nip a bung, and then wee'll couch a hogshhead vnder the Ruff-  
mans

## The Roaring Girl.

mans, and there you shall wap with me, & Ile niggle with you.

*Mol.* Out you damn'd impudent rascal.

*Trap.* Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fambles and your stamperes.

*L. Nol.* Nay, nay, *Mol.* why art thou angry? what was his gibberish?

*Mol.* Marry this my Lord sayes hee; Ben mort (good wench) shal you and I heave a booth, mill a ken, or nip a bung? shall you and I rob a house, or cut a purse?

*Omnes* Very Good.

(mans:

*Mol.* And then wee'l couch a hog'shead vnder the Ruffe- And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.

*Trap.* That was my desire Captaine, as 'tis fit a souldier should lie.

*Mol.* And there you shall wap with mee, and I'll niggle with you, and that's all.

*Sir Bemt.* Nay, nay *Mol.* what's that wap?

*Jack. Dap.* Nay teach mee what niggling is, I'de faine bee niggling.

*Mol.* Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

*Trap.* 'Tis fadoodling: if it please you.

*Sir Bemt.* This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll,*

*Mol.* Come you rogue sing with me.

A gage of ben Rom-bouse  
In a boufing ken of Rom-vile.

*T. Cat.* Is Benar then a Caster,  
Pecke, pennam, lay or popler,  
Which we mill in deuse a vile.  
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans.  
Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,  
By the sollamon vnder the Ruffemans.  
By the sollamon in the Hartmans.

*The song.*

*T. Cat.* And scour the Quire cramp ring,  
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,  
So my boufy nab might skew rome bouse well

*Auast*

## The Roaring Girle.

Auast to the pad, let vs bing,  
Auast to the pad, let vs bing.

*Omnes* Fine knaues i' faith.

*Iack. Dap.* The grating of ten new cart-wheeles, and the grunting of five hundred hogs coming from Rumford market, cannot make a worse noyse then this canting language does in my eares; pray my Lord *Noland*, let's giue these souldiers their pay.

*Sir Bow.* Agreed, and let them march.

*L. Nol.* Heere *Mol.*

*Mol.* Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue, and are not ashamed of your professions, looke you: my Lord *Noland* heere and these Gentlemen, bestowes vpon you two, two boordes and a halfe, that's two shillings sixe pence.

*Trap.* Thankes to your Lordship.

*T. Cat.* Thankes heroicall Captaine.

*Mol.* Away.

*Trap.* Wee shall cut ben whiddes of your Maisters and Mistresship, wheresoeuer we come.

*Moll.* You'l maintaine firra the old Iustices plot to his face.

*Trap.* Else trine me on the cheats: hang me.

*Mol.* Be sure you meete mee there.

*Trap.* Without any more maundring I'le doo't, follow braue *Tear-Cat.*

*Exeunt they two  
manet the rest.*

*T. Cat.* I pra, sequor, let vs go mouse.

*L. Nol.* Mol what was in that canting song? (onely milke

*Mol.* Troth my Lord, onely a praise of good drinke, the Which these wilde beasts loue to sucke, and thus it was:  
A rich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,  
More wholesome for the head, then meate, drinke, or bread,  
To fill my drunken pate, with that, I'de sit vp late,  
By the heeles wou'd I lie, vnder a lowfy hedge die,  
Let a slaue haue a pull at my whore, so I be full  
Of that precious liquor; And a parcell of such stufte my Lord  
Not worth the opening.

L

Enter

## The Roaring Girdle.

*Enter a Catpurse very gallant, with foure or fivemen after him, one with a wand.*

*L. Nol.* What gallant comes yonder?

*T. Long.* Masse I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.

*1. Cut.* Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of Gallants, and strike?

*2. Cut.* 'Tis a question whether there bee any siluer shels amongst them, for all their sattin outsides.

*Omnes.* Let's try?

*Mol.* Pox on him, a gallant? shaddow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumbes the land indeed; if hee swimme neere to the shore of any of your pockets, looke to your purses.

*Omnes.* Is't possible?

*Mol.* This braue fellow is no better then a foyft.

*Omnes.* Foyft, what's that?

*Mol.* A diuer with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foyfting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i'the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and snappes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i'the streetes, whil'st shels are drawne by another, and then with his blacke coniuring rod in his hand, he by the nimblenesse of his eye and iugling sticke, will in cheaping a peece of plate at a goldsmithes stall, make foure or fiv rings mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and as if it were at leape-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

*2. Cut.* Zounds wee are smoakt. *Omnes.* Ha?

*2. Cut.* Wee are boyl'd, pox on her; see *Moll* the roaring drabbe.

*1. Cut.* All the diseases of sixteene hospitals boyle her: away.

*Mol.* Blessè you sir.

*1. Cut.* And you good sir.

*Mol.* Do'st not ken mee man?

*1. Cut.* No rust mee sir.

*Moll.*

## The Roaring Girle.

*Mol.* Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'm bound for many fauours, lost his purse at the last new play i'the Swanne, seuē Angels in't, make it good you'r best; do you see? no more.

*I. Ant.* A Sinagogue shall be cal'd Mistresse *Mary*, disgrace mee not; *paxus palabros*, I will coniure for you, farewell:

*Mol.* Did not I tell you my Lord?

*L. Nol.* I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of these nasty villaines.

*T. Long.* And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call thee *Mol* cutpurffe? a name, me thinkes, damn'd and odious.

*Mol.* Dare any step forth to my face and say,  
I haue tane thee doing so *Mol*? I must confesse,  
In younger dayes, when I was apt to stray,  
I haue sat amongst such adders; seene their stings,  
As any here might, and in full play-houses  
Watcht their quicke-diuing hands, to bring to shame  
Such rogues, and in that streame met an ill name:  
When next my Lord you spie any one of those,  
So hee bee in his Art a scholler, question him,  
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke  
Of his close villanies: and you your selfe shall cant  
Better then poore *Mol* can, and know more lawes  
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foysts, puggards, curbers,  
Withall the diuels blacke guard, then it is fit  
Should be discouered to a noble wit.  
I know they haue their orders, offices,  
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,  
To raise their owne damnation in.

*Iack. Dap.* How do'st thou know it?

*Moll.* As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it.  
Suppose my Lord you were in *Venice*.

*L. Nol.* Well.

*Mol.* If some Italian pander there would tell  
All the close trickes of curtizans; would not you  
Hearken to such a fellow?

*L. Nol.* Yes.

*Mol.* And here,

## The Roaring Girl.

Being come from *Venice*, to a friend most deare  
That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime  
Your knowiedge in those villanies, to saue  
Your friend from their quicke danger: must you haue  
A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,  
Good troth my Lord, I am made *Moll* cutpurse so.  
How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes?  
How many chaste, whose names fill flanders bookes?  
Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their scornes  
Cal so, we should not walke for goring hornes,  
Perhaps for my madde going some reprove mee,  
I please my selfe, and care not else who loues mee.

*Omnes* A braue minde *Moll* i' faith.

*T. Long.* Come my Lord, shal's to the Ordinary?

*L. Nol.* I, 'tis noone sure. (or to the world:

*Moll.* Good my Lord, let not my name condemne me to you  
A fencer I hope may be cal'd a coward, is he so for that?  
If all that haue ill names in London, were to be whipt, (ther  
And to pay but twelue pence a peece to the beadle, I would ra-  
Haue his office, then a Constables.

*Jack. Dap.* So would I Captaine *Moll*: 'twere a sweet tick-  
ling office i' faith. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and  
Greenewit, and others.*

*Alex.* My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent girle,  
Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes vpon?

*Greene.* How will your care preuent it?

*Gosh.* 'Tis impossible.

They marry close, thei'r gone, but none knowes whether.

*Alex.* Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-strings

*Enter a seruant.*

Held out so long from breaking: now what newes sir?

*Servant.* They were met vppo'th water an houre since, sir,  
Putting in towards the Sluce.

*Alex.* The Sluce? come Gentlemen,

'Tis

## The Roaring Girle:

'Tis *Lambish* workes against vs.

*Greene.* And that *Lambish*, ioynes more mad matches, then  
your fixe wet townes, twixt that and *Windsor-bridge*, where  
fares lye soaking.

*Alex.* Delay no time sweete Gentlemen: to Blacke Fryars,  
Wee'l take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

*Enter Trapdore.*

*Trap.* Your sonne, and that bold masculine rampe  
My mistresse, are landed now at Tower.

*Alex.* Hoyda, at Tower?

*Trap.* I heard it now reported.

*Alex.* Which way Gentlemen shall I bestow my care?  
I'me drawne in peeces betwixt deceit and shame.

*Enter sir Fitz-Allard.*

*Fitz-Alla.* Sir *Alexander*.

You'r well met, and most rightly serued,  
My daughter was a scorne to you.

*Alex.* Say not so fir.

*Fitz-All.* A very abiect, shee poore Gentlewoman,  
Your house had bene dishonoured. Giue you ioy fir,  
Of your sons Gaskoyne-Bride, you'l be a Grandfather shortly  
To a fine crew of roaring sonnes and daughters,  
'Twill helpe to stocke the suburbs passing well fir.

*Alex.* O play not with the miseries of my heart,  
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vext, or left  
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,  
And scornefull aire let in: rather let pittie  
And aduise charitably helpe to refresh 'em.

*Fitz-All.* Who'd place his charity so vnworthily.  
Like one that giues almes to a cursing beggar,  
Had I but found one sparke of goodnesse in you  
Toward my deseruing child, which then grew fond  
Of your sonnes vertues, I had eased you now.  
But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodnesse,  
Are rak'd vp in the ashes of your age,  
Else no such shame should haue come neere your house,  
Nor such ignoble sorrowe touch your heart,

### THE ROARING GIRLE.

*Alex.* If not for worth, for pitties sake assist mee.

*Greene.* You vrge a thing past sense, how can he helpe you?  
All his assistance is as fraile as ours,  
Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em?  
One brings vs water-newes; then comes an other  
With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,  
And he reports the Tower; whose sounds are truest?

*Gosh.* In vaine you flatter him sir *Alexander.*

*Fitz-All.* I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee grossly.

*Greene.* Hee doe's it well i' faith.

*Fitz-All.* Both newes are false,  
Of Tower or water: they tooke no such way yet. (plundges?)

*Alex.* Oh strange: heare you this Gentlemen, yet more

*Fitz-Alla.* They are neerer then you thinke for yet more close,  
then if they were further off.

*Alex.* How am I lost in these distractions?

*Fitz-Alla.* For your speeches Gentlemen,  
In taxing me for rashnesse; fore you all,  
I will engage my state to halfe his wealth,  
Nay to his sonnes reuenewes, which are lesse,  
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him;  
That I could (if my will sticke to my power)  
Preuent this mariage yet, nay banish her  
For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.

*Alex.* Slacke not this goodnesse, though you heap vpon me  
Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter:  
I'de willingly resigne vp halfe my state to him,  
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.

*Greene.* Hee talkes impossibilites, and you beleue 'em.

*Fitz-Alla.* I talke no more, then I know how to finish,  
My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me,  
The poore young Gentleman I loue and pittie:  
And to keepe shame from him, (because the spring  
Of his affection was my daughters first,  
Till his frowne blasted all,) do but estate him  
In those possessions, which your loue and care  
Once pointed out for him, that he may haue roome,

To

## The Roaring Girle.

To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,  
Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her:  
And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,  
Rid him of this disease, that now growes on him,  
I'll forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.

*Greene.* Troth but you shall not vndertake such matches,  
Wee'l perswade so much with you.

*Alex.* Heere's my ring,  
He will beleue this token:fore these Gentlemen,  
I will confirme it fully:all those lands,  
My first loue lotted him, he shall straight possesse  
In that refusall.

*Fitz. All.* If I change it not, change mee into a beggar.

*Green.* Are you mad sir?

*Fitz. All.* 'Tis done.

*Gosh.* Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,  
And shewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies?

*Alex.* 'Tis a match Gentlemen.

*Fitz. All.* I, I, sir I.

I take no fauour; trust to you for none,  
My hope rests in the goodnesse of your son. *Exit Fitz. Allard.*

*Greene.* Hee holds it vp well yet.

*Gosh.* Of an old knight i' faith.

*Alex.* Curst be the time, I laid his first loue barren,  
Wilfully barren, that before this houre  
Had sprung forth friutes, of comfort and of honour;  
He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman.

*Enter Moll.*

*Gosh.* Life, heere's *Mol.*

*Green.* Iack.

*Gosh.* How dost thou Iacke?

*Mol.* How dost thou Gallant?

*Alex.* Impudence, where's my sonne?

*Moll.* Weakensse, go looke him.

*Alex.* Is this your wedding gowne?

*Mol.* The man talkes monthly:

Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,  
I see hee'l be starke mad at our next meeting.

*Exit Moll*

*Gosh.* Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,

No.

## The Roaring Girl.

No Priest will marry her, sir, for a woman,  
Whiles that shape's on, and it was neuer knowne,  
Two men were married and conioyn'd in one:  
Your sonne hath made some shift to loue another.

*Alex.* What etc' she be, she has my blessing with her,  
May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receiue  
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,  
Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,  
Through a whole world he could not chuse amisse.

*Green.* Glad y'are so penitent, for your former sinne sir.

*Gosb.* Say he should take a wench with her smocke-dowry,  
No portion with her, but her lips and armes?

*Alex.* Why? who thriue better sir? they haue most blessing,  
Though other haue more wealth, and least repent,  
Many that want most, know the most content.

*Greene.* Say he should marry a kind youthfull sinner.

*Alex.* Age will quench that, any offence but theft and drun-  
Nothing but death can wipe away. (kenesse,

There finnes are greene, euen when there heads are gray,  
Nay I dispaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentlemen,  
No face can come vnfortunately to me,  
Now sir, your newes? *Enter a servant.*

*Servant.* Your sonne with his faire Bride is neere at hand,

*Alex.* Faire may their fortunes be.

*Green.* Now you'r resolu'd sir, it was neuer she,

*Alex.* I finde it in the musicke of my heart,

*Enter Mol maskt, in Sebastians hand, and Fitz-Allard.*

See where they come.

*Gosb.* A proper lusty presence sir.

*Alex.* Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies counfeld him  
To choose a goodly personable creature,  
Iust of her pitch was my first wife his mother.

*Seb.* Before I dare discouer my offence, I kneele for pardon.

*Alex.* My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue could aske it,  
Rise, thou hast rais'd my ioy to greater height.

Then

THE ROARING GIRLE

Then to that seat where griefe delected it,  
Both welcome to my loue, and care for euer,  
Hide not my happinesse too long, al's pardoned,  
Here are our friends, salute her, Gentlemen. *They vnmaske her.*

*Omnes.* Heart, who this *Mol*?

*Alex.* O my reuiuing shame, is't I must liue,  
To be stricke blind, be it the worke of sorrow,  
Before age take't in hand.

*Fitz-All.* Darkenesse and death.  
Haue you deceau'd mee thus? did I engage  
My whole estate for this.

*Alex.* You askt no fauour,  
And you shall finde as little, since my comforts,  
Play false with me, I'll be as cruell to thee  
As griefe to fathers hearts.

*Mol.* Why what's the matter with you?  
Lesse too much ioy, should make your age forgetfull,  
Are you too well, too happy?

*Alex.* With a vengeance.

*Mol.* Me thinkes you should be proud of such a daughter,  
As good a man, as your sonne.

*Alex.* O monstrous impudence.

*Mol.* You had no note before, an vnmarkt Kinght,  
Now all the towne will take regard on you,  
And all your enemies feare you for my sake,  
You may passe where you list, through crowdes most thicke,  
And come of brauely with your pурсse vnpickt,  
You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,  
No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or knife,  
While y' aue a roaring girle to your sonnes wife.

*Alex.* A diuell rampant.

*Fitz-Alla.* Haue you so much charity?  
Yet to release mee of my last rash bargaine,  
And I'll giue in your pledge.

*Alex.* No sir, I stand to't, I'll worke vpon aduantage,  
As all mischiefes do vpon mee.

*Aux-All.* Content, beare witnesse all then

M

His

His are the lands, and so contention ends.  
Here comes your sonnes Bride, twixt two noble friends.

*Enter the Lord Noland, and Sir Bewtious Ganymed, with Mary Fitz-Allard betweene them, the Cittizens and their wives with them.*

*Mel.* Now are you gull'd as you would be, thanke me for't,  
I'de a fore-finger in't.

*Seb.* Forgiue mee father,  
Though there before your eyes my sorrow fain'd,  
This still was shee, for whom true loue complain'd.

*Alex.* Blessings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,  
Beginne your peace heere, to be sign'd in heauen,  
How short my sleepe of sorrow seemes now to me,  
To this eternity of boundlesse comforts,  
That finds no want but viterance, and expression.  
My Lord your office heere appeares so honourably:  
So full of ancient goodnesse, grace, and worthinesse,  
I neuer tooke more ioy in sight of man,  
Then in your comfortable presence now.

*L. Nol.* Nor I more delight in doing grace to vertue,  
Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your sonnes Bride,  
Noble *Fitz-Allards* daughter, to whose honour  
And modest fame, I am a seruant vow'd,  
So is this Knight.

*Alex.* Your loues make my ioyes proud,  
Bring foorth those deeds of land, my care layd ready,  
And which, old knight, thy noblenesse may challenge,  
Ioyn'd with thy daughters vertues, whom I prise now,  
As deerely as that flesh, I call myne owne.  
Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindnesse  
When I reiected thee, I saw thee not,  
Sorrow and wilfull rashnesse grew like filmes  
Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now so cleere  
I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

*Mary.* Duty and loue may I deserue in those,

And

## The Roaring Girle.

And all my wishes haue a perfect close,

*Alex.* That tongue can neuer erre, the sound's so sweete,  
Here honest sonne, receiue into thy hands,  
The keyes of wealth, possession of those lands,  
Which my first care prouided, thei'r thine owne,  
Heauen giue thee a blessing with 'em, the best ioyes,  
That can in worldly shapes to man betide,  
Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,  
Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

*Seb.* I hope so too fir.

*Mol.* Father and sonne, I ha'done you simple seruice here,

*Seb.* For which thou shalt not part *Moll* vnrequited.

*Alex.* Thou art a madd girle, and yet I cannot now con-  
demne thee.

*Mol.* Condemne mee? troth and you should fir,  
I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,  
I'de giue you the slip at Gallowes, and cozen the people.  
Heard you this iest my Lord?

*L. Nol.* What is it *lacke*?

*Mol.* He was in feare his sonne would marry mee,  
But neuer dreamt that I would nere agree.

*L. Nol.* Why? thou had'st a suiter once *lacke*, when wilt marry?

*Mol.* Who I my Lord, I'le tell you when ifaith,  
When you shall heare,  
Gallants voyd from Serieants feare,  
Honesty and truth vnflandred,  
Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,  
Cheates booted, but not coacht,  
Vessels older e're they'r broacht.  
If my minde be then not varied,  
Next day following, I'le be married.

*L. Nol.* This sounds like domes-day,

*Moll.* Then were marriage best,  
For if I should repent, I were soone at rest.

*Alex.* Introth tho'art a good wench, I'me sorry now,  
The opinion was so hard, I conceiu'd of thee.

## The Roaring Girl:

Some wrongs I'ue done thee.

*Enter Trapdore.*

*Trap.* Is the winde there now?  
'Tis time for mee to kneele and confesse first,  
For feare it come too late, and my braines feeble it,  
Vpon my pawes, I aske you pardon mistresse.

*Mol.* Pardon? for what sir? what ha's your roguiship done now?

*Trap.* I haue bene from time to time hir'd to confound you,  
by this old Gentleman.

*Mol.* How?

*Trap.* Pray forgiue him,  
But may I connsell you, you should neuer doo't.  
Many a snare to entrapp your Worships life,  
Haue I laid priuily, chaines, watches, Jewels,  
And when hee saw nothing could mount you vp,  
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,  
By which he meant to trap you, I to saue you.

*Alex.* To all which, shame and grieve in me cry guilty,  
Forgiue mee now, I cast the worlds eyes from mee,  
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne:  
I see the most of many wrongs before hee,  
Cast from the iawes of enuy and her people,  
And nothing foule but that, Il'e neuer more  
Condemne by common voyce, for that's the whore,  
That deceiues mans opinion; mockes his trust,  
Cozens his loue, and makes his heart vniust.

*Mol.* Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were giuen me  
As a Mustian, I pursue no pittie,  
Follow the law, and you can cucke mee, spare not  
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.

*Alex.* So farre I'me sorry, I'll thrice double 'em  
To make thy wrongs amends,  
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,  
Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*, and Noble *Fitz-Ailard*,  
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling presence,  
Are glories set in marriage, beames of society,  
For all your loues giue luster to my ioyes,

The

## The Roaring Girle:

The happinesse of this day shall be remembred,  
At the returne of euery smiling spring:  
In my time now 'tis borne, and may no sadnesse  
Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,  
But as I am, so all goe pleas'd away.

---

## Epilogus,

**A** Painter hauing drawne with curious Art  
The picture of a woman (euery part,  
Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to sell:  
People (who pass'd along) veiwing it well,  
Gave seuerall verdicts on it. some dispraised  
The haire, some sayd the browes too high were raised,  
Some hit her o're the lippes, mislik'd their colour,  
Some wisht her nose were shorter; some, the eyes fuller,  
Others sayd roses on her cheekes should grow,  
Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,  
The workeman still as fault was found, did mend it,  
In hope to please all; (but this worke being ended)  
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,  
So monstrous and so vgly all men did smile  
At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt  
Is this our Comedy, Some perhaps do floute  
The plot, sayings 'tis too thinne, too weake, too meane,  
Some for the person will reuile the Scoene.  
And wonder, that a creature of her being  
Should bee the subiect of a Poet, seeing  
In the worlds eie, none weighes so light: others looke

M 3

For

*epilogus.*

For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,  
(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) of Cut-purse,  
Of Nips and Foyfts, nastie, obseene discourses,  
As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,  
For any honest care, or eye vnfit. And thus,  
If we to euery braine (that's humerous)  
Should fashion Sceanes, we (with the Painter) shall  
In striving to please all, please none at all.  
Yet for such faults, as either the writers wit,  
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,  
Both craue your pardons: if what both haue done,  
Cannot full pay your expectation,  
The *Roring Girle* her selfe some few dayes hence,  
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence. (you,  
Which Mirth that you may share in, her selfe does woe  
And craues this signe, your hands to becken her to you.

FINIS.

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